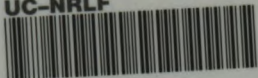


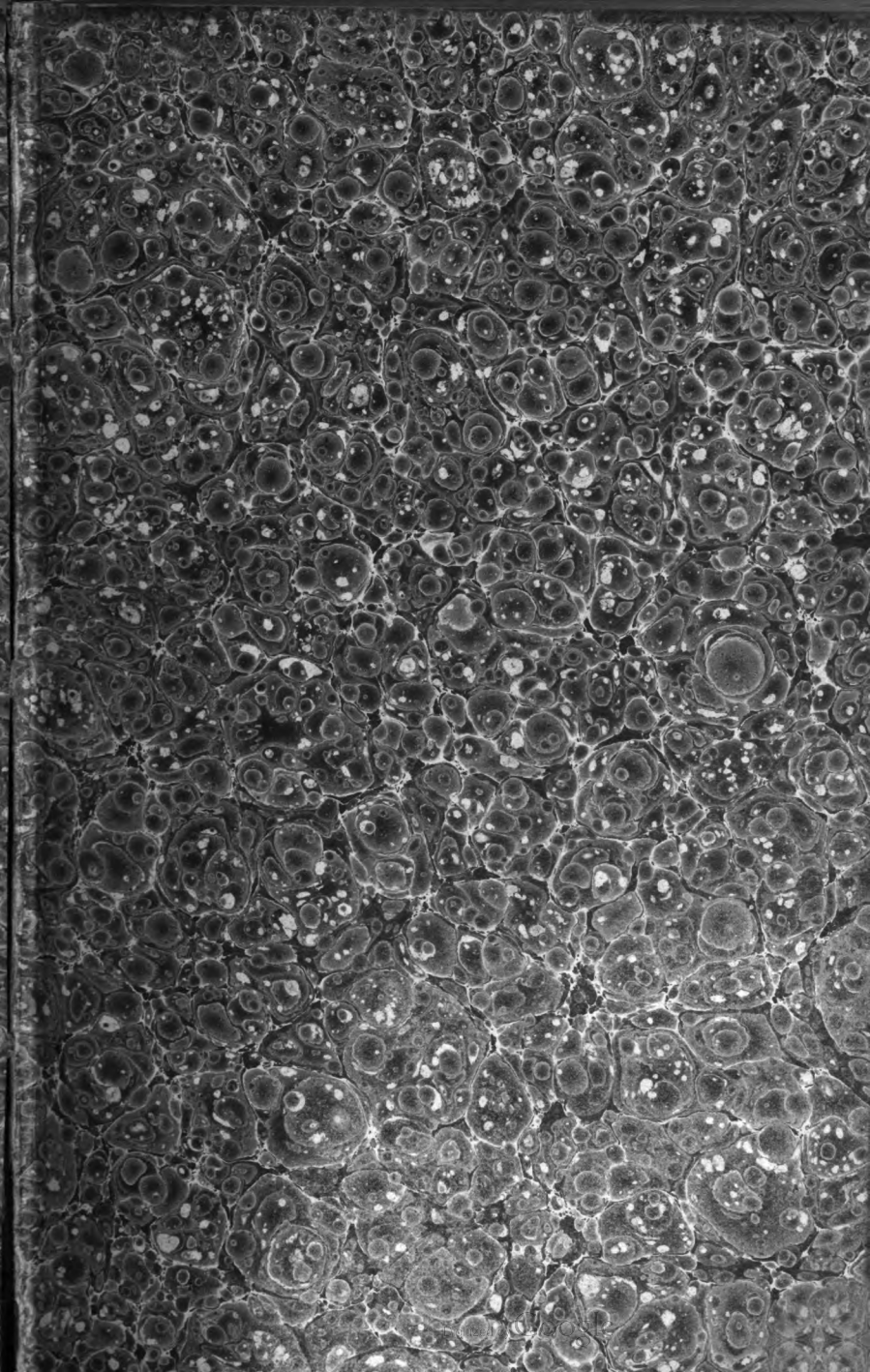
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THE  
P H A N T O M S H I P.

BY  
CAPT. MARRYAT, R.N.,  
AUTHOR OF  
"PETER SIMPLE," "JACOB FAITHFUL,"  
"FRANK MILD MAY," &c.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.  
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## THE PHANTOM SHIP.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“FAR be it from me to wish to annoy you, my son,” said Father Mathias, as with difficulty he kept pace with the rapid strides of Philip, who was now within a quarter of a mile of his home; “but still recollect that this is but a transitory world, and that much time has elapsed since you quitted this spot. For that reason I would fain desire you, if possible, to check these bounding aspirations after happiness, these joyful anticipations in which you

have indulged since we quitted the vessel. I hope and trust in the mercy of God, that all will be right, and that in a few minutes you will be in the arms of your much-loved wife; but still in proportion as you allow your hopes to be raised, so will you inevitably have them crushed should disappointment cross your path. At Flushing we were told that there has been a dreadful visitation in this land, and death may not have spared even one so young and fair."

"Let us haste on, Father," replied Philip; "what you say is true, and suspense becomes most dreadful."

Philip increased his speed, leaving the old man to follow him: he arrived at the bridge with its wooden gate. It was then about seven o'clock in the morning, for they had crossed the Scheldt at the dawn of day.

Philip observed that the lower shutters were still closed. "They might have been up and stirring before this," thought he, as he put his



hand to the latch of the door. It was not fastened. Philip entered : there was a light burning in the kitchen : he pushed open the door, and beheld a maid-servant leaning back in her chair in a profound sleep. Before he had time to go in and awaken her, he heard a voice at the top of the stairs, saying, " Marie, is that the doctor ?"

Philip waited no longer ; in three bounds he was on the landing-place above, and brushing by the person who had spoken, he opened the door of Amine's room.

A floating wick in a tumbler of oil gave but a faint and glimmering light ; the curtains of the bed were drawn, and by the side of it was kneeling a figure which was well known to Philip—that of Father Seysen. Philip recoiled ; the blood retreated to his heart ; he could not speak ; panting for breath, he supported himself against the wall, and at last vented his agony of feeling by a deep groan, which aroused the priest, who turned his head, and, perceiving

who it was, rose from his knees, and extended his hand in silence.

“She is dead, then!” at last exclaimed Philip.

“No, my son, not dead; there is yet hope. The crisis is at hand; in one more hour her fate will be decided: then, either will she be restored to your arms or follow the many hundreds whom this fatal epidemic has consigned to the tomb.”

Father Seysen then led Philip to the side of the bed and withdrew the curtain. Amine lay insensible, but breathing heavily; her eyes were closed. Philip seized her burning hand, knelt down, pressed it to his lips, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. As soon as he had become somewhat composed, Father Seysen persuaded him to rise and sit with him by the side of the bed.

“This is a melancholy sight to witness at your return, Philip,” said he; “and to you who are so ardent, so impetuous, it must be doubly so; but God’s will be done. Remember there is yet

hope—not strong hope, I grant, but still there is hope, for so told me the medical man who has attended her, and who will return, I expect, in a few minutes. Her disease is a typhus fever, which has swept off whole families within these last two months, and still rages violently; fortunate, indeed, is the house which has to mourn but one victim. I would that you had not arrived just now, for it is a disease easily communicated. Many have fled from the country for security. To add to our misfortunes, we have suffered from the want of medical advice, for the physician and the patient have been swept away together.”

The door was now slowly opened, and a tall, dark man in a brown cloak, holding to his nose a sponge saturated with vinegar, entered the room. He bowed his head to Philip and the priest, and then went to the bedside. For a minute he held his fingers to the pulse of the sufferer, then laying down her arm, he put his hand to her forehead, and covered her up with the bed-

clothes. He handed to Philip the sponge of vinegar, making a sign that he should use it, and beckoned Father Seysen out of the room.

In a minute the priest returned. "I have received his directions, my son; he thinks that she may be saved. The clothes must be kept on her, and replaced if she should throw them off; but every thing will depend upon quiet and calm after she recovers her senses."

"Surely we can promise her that," replied Philip.

"It is not the knowledge of your return, or even the sight of you, which alarms me. Joy seldom kills, even when the shock is great, but there are other causes for uneasiness."

"What are they, holy Father?"

"Philip, it is now thirteen days that Amine has raved, and during that period I have seldom quitted her but to perform the duties of my office to others who required it. I have been afraid to leave her, Philip, for in her ravings she has told such a tale, even unconnected as it



has been, as has thrilled my soul with horror. It evidently has long lain heavily in her mind, and must retard her recovery. Philip Vanderveen, you may remember that I would not have told the secret from you—the secret which forced your mother to her death, and which now may send your young wife to follow her, for it is evident that she knows all. Is it not true?”

“She does know all,” replied Philip, mournfully.

“And she has in her delirium told all. Nay, I trust she has told more than all: but if that we will not speak now: wait, here, Philip. I will return in half an hour, for by that time the doctor tells me, the symptoms will denote whether she will return to reason, or be lost to you for ever.”

Philip whispered to the priest that he had been accompanied by Father Mathias, who was to remain as his guest, and requested him to explain the circumstances of his present position to him, and see that he was attended to.

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Father Seysen then quitted the room, when Philip sat down by the bedside, and drew back the curtain.

Perhaps there is no situation in life so agonizing to the feelings as that in which Philip was now placed. His joyful emotions when expecting to embrace in health and beauty the object of his warmest affections, and of his continual thought during his long absence, suddenly checked by disappointment, anxiety and grief, at finding her lying emaciated, changed, corrupted with disease—her mind overthrown—her eyes unconscious of his presence,—her existence hanging by a single hair—her frame prostrate before the king of terrors who hovers over her with uplifted dart, and longs for the fiat which should permit him to pierce his unconscious victim.

“Alas!” thought Philip; “is it thus we meet, Amine? Truly did Father Mathias advise me, as I hurried so impetuously along, not (as I fondly thought) to happiness, but to misery. God



of Heaven ! be merciful, and forgive me. If I have loved this angelic creature of thy formation, even more than I have thee, spare her, good Heaven—spare her—or I am lost for ever.”

Philip covered up his face, and remained for some time in prayer. He then bent over his Amine, and impressed a kiss upon her burning lips. They were burning, but still there was moisture on them, and Philip perceived that there was also moisture on her forehead. He felt her hand, and the palm of it was moist ; and carefully covering her with the bed-clothes, he watched her with anxiety and hope.

In a quarter of an hour he had the delight of perceiving that Amine was in a profuse perspiration ; gradually her breathing became less heavy, and instead of the passive state in which she had remained, she moved, and became restless. Philip watched, and replaced the clothes as she threw them off, until she at last appeared to have fallen into a profound and sweet sleep.

Shortly after, Father Seysen and the physician made their appearance. Philip stated, in few words, what had occurred. The doctor went to the bedside, and in half a minute returned.

“Your wife is spared to you, Mynheer, but it is not advisable that she should see you so unexpectedly; the shock may be too great in her weak state; she must be allowed to sleep as long as possible; on her awaking she will have returned to reason. You must leave her then to Father Seysen.”

“May I not remain in the room until she awakes? I will then hasten away unobserved.”

“That will be useless; the disease is contagious, and you have been here too long already. Remain below; you must change your clothes, and see that they prepare a bed for her in another room, to which she must be transported as soon as you think she can bear it; then let these windows be thrown open, that the room may be properly ventilated. It will not do to have a wife just rescued from the jaws of death run

the risk of falling a sacrifice to the attentions necessary to a sick husband."

Philip perceived the prudence of this advice, and quitting the room with the medical man, he went and changed his clothes, and then joined Father Mathias, whom he found in the parlour below.

"You were right, Father," said Philip, throwing himself on the sofa.

"I am old and suspicious, you are young and buoyant, Philip; but I trust all may yet be well."

"I trust so too," replied Philip. He then remained silent and absorbed in thought, for now that the imminent danger was over, he was reflecting upon what Father Seysen had communicated to him relative to Amine's having revealed the secret whilst in a state of mental aberration. The priest, perceiving that his mind was occupied, did not interrupt him. An hour had thus passed, when Father Seysen entered the room.

“Return thanks to Heaven, my son. Amine has awakened, and is perfectly sensible and collected. There is now little doubt of her recovery. She has taken the restorative ordered by the doctor, though she was so anxious to repose once more, that she could hardly be persuaded to swallow it. She is now again fast asleep, and watched by one of the maidens, and in all probability will not move for many hours; but every moment of such sleep is precious, and she must not be disturbed. I will now see to some refreshment, which must be needful to us all. Philip, you have not introduced me to your companion, who, I perceive, is of my own calling.”

“Forgive me, Sir,” replied Philip; “you will have great pleasure in making acquaintance with Father Mathias, who has promised to reside with me, I trust, for some time. I will leave you together, and see to the breakfast being prepared, for the delay of which I trust Father Mathias will accept my apology.”

Philip then left the room, and went into the kitchen. Having ordered what was requisite, to be taken into the parlour, he put on his hat and walked out of the house. He could not eat; his mind was in a state of confusion; the events of the morning had been too harassing and exciting, and he felt as if the fresh air was necessary to his existence.

As he proceeded, careless in which direction, he met many with whom he had been acquainted, and from whom he had received condolence at his supposed bereavement, and congratulations when they learnt from him that the danger was over; and from them he also learnt how fatal had been the pestilence.

Not one-third of the inhabitants of Terneuse and the surrounding country remained alive, and those who had recovered were in a state of exhaustion which prevented them from returning to their customary occupations. They had combated disease, but remained the prey of misery and want; and Philip mentally vowed

that he would appropriate all his savings to the relief of those around him. It was not until more than two hours had passed away that Philip returned to the cottage.

On his arrival he found that Amine still slumbered, and the two priests were in conversation below.

“My son,” said Father Seysen, “let us now have a little explanation. I have had a long conference with this good Father, who hath much interested me with his account of the extension of our holy religion among the Pagans. He hath communicated to me much to rejoice at and much to grieve for; but among other questions put to him, I have (in consequence of what I have learnt during the mental alienation of your wife) interrogated him upon the point of a supernatural appearance of a vessel in the eastern seas. You observe, Philip, that your secret is known to me, or I could not have put that question. To my surprise, he hath stated a visitation of the kind to which he

was eye-witness, and which cannot reasonably be accounted for except by supernatural interposition. A strange and certainly most awful visitation ! Philip, would it not be better (instead of leaving me in a maze of doubt) that you now confided to us both all the facts connected with this strange history, so that we may ponder on them, and give you the benefit of advice of those who are older than yourself, and who, by their calling may be able to decide more correctly whether this supernatural power has been exercised by a good or evil intelligence ?”

“ The holy Father speaks well, Philip Vanderdecken,” observed Mathias.

“ If it be the work of the Almighty, to whom should you confide and by whom should you be guided, but by those who do his service on this earth ? If of the evil one, to whom but to those whose duty and wish it is to counteract his baneful influence ? And reflect, Philip, that this secret may sit heavily on the mind of your cherished wife, and may bow her to the grave, as

it did your (I trust) sainted mother. With you, and supported by your presence, she may bear it well ; but, recollect how many are the lonely days and nights that she must pass during your absence, and how much she must require the consolation and help of others. A secret like this must be as a gnawing worm, and strong as she may be in courage, must shorten her existence, but for the support and the balm she may receive from the ministers of our faith. It was cruel and selfish of you, Philip, to leave her, a lone women, to bear up against your absence, and at the same time oppressed with so fatal a knowledge."

"You have convinced me, holy Father," replied Philip. "I feel that I should, before this, have made you acquainted with this strange history. I will now state the whole of the circumstances which have occurred, but with little hope your advice can help me, in a case so difficult, and in a duty so peremptory, yet so perplexing."



Philip then entered into a minute detail of all that had passed from the few days previous to his mother's death, until the present time, and when he had concluded, he observed—

“You see, Father, that I have bound myself by a solemn vow—that that vow has been recorded and accepted; and it appears to me that I have nothing now to do but to follow my peculiar destiny.”

“My son, you have told us strange and startling things—things not of this world—if you are not deceived. Leave us now; Father Mathias and I will consult upon this serious matter, and when we are agreed, you shall know our decision.”

Philip went up stairs to see Amine: she was still in a deep sleep: he dismissed the servant, and watched by the bedside. For nearly two hours did he remain there, when he was summoned down to meet the two priests.

“We have had a long conversation, my son,”

said Father Seysen, "upon this strange, and, perhaps, supernatural occurrence. I say *perhaps*, for I would have rejected the phrensied communications of your mother, as the imaginings of a heated brain; and for the same reason I should have been equally inclined to suppose that the high state of excitement that you were in at the time of her death may have disordered your intellect; but, as Father Mathias positively asserts, that a strange, if not supernatural, appearance of a vessel did take place, on his passage home, and which appearance tallies with and corroborates the legend, if so I may call it, to which you have given evidence; I say that it is not impossible but that it is supernatural."

"Recollect that the same appearance of the Phantom Ship has been permitted to me and to many others," replied Philip.

"Yes," replied Father Seysen; "but who is there alive of those who saw it but yourself?"

But that is of little importance : we will admit that the whole affair is not the work of man, but of a superior intelligence."

"Superior, indeed !" replied Philip. "It is the work of Heaven !"

"That is a point not so easily admitted ; there is another power as well as that which is divine—that of the devil !—the arch-enemy of mankind ! But as that power, inferior to the power of God, cannot act without his permission, we may indirectly admit that it is the will of Heaven that such signs and portents should be allowed to be given on certain occasions."

"Then our opinions are the same, good Father."

"Nay, not exactly, my son. Elymas, the sorcerer, was permitted to practise his arts—gained from the devil—that it might be proved, by his overthrow and blindness, how inferior was his master to the Divine Ruler ; but it does not therefore follow that sorcery generally was permitted. In this instance it may be true that

the evil one has been permitted to exercise his power over the captain and crew of that ship, and, as a warning against such heavy offences, the supernatural appearance of the vessel may be permitted. So far we are justifiable in believing. But the great questions are, first, whether it be your father who is thus doomed? and, secondly, how far you are necessitated to follow up this mad pursuit, which it appears to me—although it may end in your destruction—cannot possibly be the means of rescuing your father from his state of unhallowed abeyance? Do you understand me, Philip?”

“I certainly understand what you would say, Father; but——”

“Answer me not yet. It is the opinion of this holy father as well as of myself, that, allowing the facts to be as you suppose, that the revelations made to you are not from on high, but the suggestions of the devil, to lead you into danger and ultimately to death; for if it were your task, as you suppose, why did not the

vessel appear on this last voyage, and how can you (allowing that you met her fifty times) have communication with that, or with those which are but phantoms and shadows, things not of this world. Now what we propose is, that you should spend a proportion of the money left by your father, in masses for the repose of his soul, which your mother, in other circumstances, would certainly have done; and that having so done, you should remain quietly on shore until some new sign should be given to you which may warrant our supposing that you are really chosen for this strange pursuit?"

"But my oath, Father—my recorded vow?"

"From that, my son, the holy Church hath power to absolve you; and that absolution you shall receive. You have put yourself into our hands, and by our decision you must be guided. If there be wrong, it is we, and not you, who are responsible; but, at present, let us say no more. I will now go up, and so

soon as your wife awakens, prepare her for your meeting."

When Father Seysen had quitted the room, Father Mathias debated the matter with Philip. A long discussion ensued, in which similar arguments were made use of by the priest; and Philip, although not convinced, was, at least, doubtful and perplexed. He left the cottage.

"A new sign—a corroborative sign," thought Philip; "surely there have been signs and wonders enough. Still it may be true that masses for my father's soul may relieve him from his state of torture. At all events, if they decide for me, I am not to blame. Well then, let us wait for a new sign of the Divine will—if so it must be;" and Philip walked on, occasionally thinking on the arguments of Father Seysen, and oftener thinking of Amine.

It was now evening, and the sun was fast descending. Philip wandered on, until at last he arrived at the very spot where he had knelt down and pronounced his solemn vow.

He recognized it ; he looked at the distant hills. The sun was just at the same height ; the whole scene, the place, and the time were before him. Again Philip knelt down, took the relic from his bosom and kissed it. He watched the sun ; he bowed himself to the earth. He waited for a sign ; but the sun sank down and the veil of night spread over the landscape. There was no sign, and Philip rose and walked home towards the cottage, more inclined than before to follow the suggestions of Father Seysen.

On his return, Philip went softly up stairs and entered the room of Amine, whom he found awake and in conversation with the priests. The curtain was closed, and he was not perceived. With a beating heart he remained near the wall at the head of the bed.

“ Reason to believe that my husband has arrived !” said Amine, in a faint voice. “ Oh tell me, why so ?”

“ His ship is arrived, we know ; and one who had seen her said that all were well.”

“And why is he not here, then? Who should bring the news of his return but himself? Father Seysen, either he has not arrived or he is here—I know he must be, if he is safe and well. I know my Philip too well. Say! is he not here? Fear not, if you say yes; but if you say no, you kill me!”

“He is here, Amine,” replied Father Seysen—“here and well.”

“Oh God! I thank you; but where is he? If he is here, he must be in this room, or else you deceive me. Oh, this suspense is death!”

“I am here,” cried Philip, opening the curtains.

Amine rose with a shriek, held out her arms, and then fell senseless back. In a few seconds, however, she was restored, and proved the truth of the good Father’s assertion, “that joy does not kill.”

We must now pass over the few days during which Philip watched the couch of his Amine, who rapidly regained her strength. As soon



as she was well enough to enter upon the subject, Philip narrated all that had passed since his departure; the confession which he had made to father Seysen, and the result. Amine, too glad that Philip should remain with her, added her persuasions to those of the priests, and, for some little time, Philip talked no more of going to sea.

## CHAPTER XIV.

SIX weeks had flown away, and Amine, restored to health, wandered over the country, hanging on the arm of her adored Philip, or nestled by his side in their comfortable home. Father Mathias still remained their guest; the masses for the repose of the soul of Vanderdecken had been paid for, and more money had been confided to the care of Father Seysen to relieve the sufferings of the afflicted poor. It may be easily supposed that one of the chief topics of conversation between Philip and Amine was the decision of the two priests relative to the conduct of Philip. He had been absolved from his oath, but, at the same time that he submitted to his clerical advisers, he was by no means satisfied. His love for Amine, her wishes for

his remaining at home, certainly added weight to the fiat of Father Seysen ; but, although he in consequence obeyed it more willingly, his doubts of the propriety of his conduct remained the same. The arguments of Amine, who, now that she was supported by the opinion of the priests, had become opposed to Philip's departure ; even her caresses with which those arguments were mingled, were effective but for the moment. No sooner was Philip left to himself, no sooner was the question, for a time, dismissed, than he felt an inward accusation that he was neglecting a sacred duty. Amine perceived how often the cloud was upon his brow ; she knew too well the cause, and constantly did she recommence her arguments and caresses, until Philip forgot that there was aught but Amine in the world.

One morning, as they were seated upon a green bank, picking the flowers that blossomed round them, and tossing them away in pure listlessness, Amine took the opportunity, that

she had often waited for, to enter upon a subject hitherto unmentioned.

“ Philip,” said she, “ do you believe in dreams? think you that we may have supernatural communications by such means?”

“ Of course we may,” replied Philip; “ we have proof abundant of it in the holy writings.”

“ Why, then, do you not satisfy your scruples by a dream ?”

“ My dearest Amine, dreams come unbidden ; we cannot command or prevent them——”

“ We can command them, Philip : say that you would dream upon the subject nearest to your heart, and you *shall* !”

“ I shall ?”

“ Yes ! I have that power, Philip, although I have not spoken of it. I had it from my mother, with much more that of late, I have never thought of. You know, Philip, I never say that which is not. I tell you, that, if you choose, you shall dream upon it.”

“ And to what good, Amine ? If you have

power to make me dream, that power must be from somewhere."

"It is, of course: there are agencies you little think of, which, in my country are still called into use. I have a charm, Philip, which never fails."

"A charm, Amine! do you, then, deal in sorcery? for such powers cannot be from Heaven."

"I cannot tell. I only know the power is given."

"It must be from the devil, Amine."

"And why so, Philip? May I not use the argument of your own priests, who say, 'that the power of the devil is only permitted to be used by Divine intelligence, and that it cannot be used without that permission?' Allow it then to be sorcery, or what you please, unless by Heaven permitted, it would fail. But I cannot see why we should suppose that it is from an evil source. We ask for a warning in a dream to guide our conduct in doubtful cir-

cumstances. Surely the evil one would rather lead us wrong than right !”

“Amine, we may be warned in a dream, as the patriarchs were of old ; but to use mystic or unholy charms to procure a vision, is making a compact with the devil.”

“Which compact the devil could not fulfil if not permitted by a higher power. Philip, your reasoning is false. We are told that, by certain means, duly observed, we may procure the dreams we wish. Our observance of these means is certainly the least we can attend to, to prove our sincerity. Forgive me, Philip, but are not observances as necessary in your religion—which I have embraced ? Are we not told that the omission of the mere ceremony of water to the infant will turn all future chance of happiness to misery eternal.”

Philip answered not for some time. “I am afraid, Amine.” said he, at last, in a low tone. “I——”

“I fear nothing, Philip, when my intentions

are good," replied Amine. "I follow certain means to obtain an end. What is that end? It is to find out (if possible) what may be the will of Heaven in this perplexing case. If it should be through the agency of the devil—what then? He becomes my servant, and not my master; he is permitted by Heaven to act against himself;" and Amine's eyes darted fire, as she thus boldly expressed herself.

"Did your mother often exercise her art?" inquired Philip, after a pause.

"Not to my knowledge; but it was said that she was most expert. She died young (as you know), or I should have known much more. Think you, Philip, that this world is solely peopled by such dross as we are?—things of clay—perishable and corruptible? Lords over beasts—and ourselves but little better. Have you not, from your own sacred writings, repeated acknowledgments and proofs of higher intelligences mixing up with mankind, and acting here below? Why should what was

then, not be now ! and what more harm is there to apply for their aid now, than a few thousand years ago ? Why should you suppose that they were permitted on the earth then—and not permitted now ? What has become of them ? Have they perished ? have they been ordered back—to where ?—to heaven ? If to heaven—the world and mankind have been left to the mercy of the devil and his agents. Do you suppose that we, poor mortals, have been thus abandoned ? I tell you plainly, I think not. We no longer have the communications with those intelligences that we once had, because, as we become more enlightened, we become more proud, and seek them not : but that they still exist—a host of good against a host of evil, invisibly opposing each other—is my conviction. But, tell me, Philip, do you in your conscience believe that all that has been revealed to you is a mere dream of the imagination ?”

“ I do not believe so, Amine ; you know well I wish I could.”



“Then is my reasoning proved; for if such communications can be made to you, why cannot others? You cannot tell by what agency; your priests say it is that of the evil one; you think it is from on high. By the same rule, who is to decide from whence the dream shall come.”

“’Tis true, Amine; but are you certain of your power?”

“Certain of this; but if it pleases superior intelligence to communicate with you, *that* communication may be relied upon. Either you will not dream, but pass away the hours in a deep sleep, or what you dream will be connected with the question at issue.”

“Then, Amine, I have made my mind up—I will dream; for at present my mind is racked by contending and perplexing doubts. I would know whether I am right or wrong. This night your art shall be employed.”

“Not this night, nor yet to-morrow night, Philip. Think you one moment that, in pro-

posing this, I serve you against my own wishes? I feel as if the dream will decide against me, and that you will be commanded to return to your duty ; for I tell you honestly, I think not with the priests ; but I am your wife, Philip, and it is my duty that you should not be deceived. Having the means, as I suppose, to decide your conduct, I offer them. Promise me that, if I do this, you will grant me a favour which I shall ask as my reward."

"It is promised, Amine, without its being known," replied Philip, rising from the turf ; "and now let us go home."

We observed that Philip, previous to his sailing in the Batavia, had invested a large proportion of his funds in Dutch East-India Stock : the interest of the money was more than sufficient for the wants of Amine, and, on his return, he found that the funds left in her charge had accumulated. After paying to Father Seysen the sums for the masses, and for the relief of the poor, there was a considerable residue, and

Philip had employed this in the purchase of more shares in the India Stock.

The subject of their conversation was not renewed. Philip was rather averse to Amine practising those mystical arts, which, if known to the priests, would have obtained for her, in all probability, the anathema of the church. He could not but admire the boldness and power of Amine's reasonings, but still he was averse to reduce them into practice. The third day had passed away, and no more had been said upon the subject.

Philip retired to bed, and was soon fast asleep; but Amine slept not. So soon as she was convinced that Philip would not be awakened, she slipped from the bed and dressed herself. She left the room, and in a quarter of an hour returned, bringing in her hand a small brazier of lighted charcoal, and two small pieces of parchment, rolled up and fixed by a knot to the centre of a narrow fillet. They exactly resembled the philacteries that were once worn

by the Jewish nation, and were similarly applied. One of them she gently bound upon the forehead of her husband, and the other upon his left arm. She threw perfumes into the brazier, and, as the form of her husband was becoming indistinct from the smoke which filled the room, she muttered a few sentences, waved over him a small sprig of some shrub which she held in her white hand, and then closing the curtains, and removing the brazier she sat down by the side of the bed.

“If there be harm,” thought Amine, “at least the deed is not his—’tis mine; they cannot say that he has practised arts that are unlawful and forbidden by his priests. On my head be it!” And there was a contemptuous curl on Amine’s beautiful arched lip, which did not say much for her devotion to her new creed.

Morning dawned, and Philip still slumbered “’Tis enough,” said Amine, who had been watching the rising of the sun, as she beheld his upper limb appear above the horizon. Again

she waved her arm over Philip, holding the sprig in her hand; and cried, "Philip, awake!"

Philip started up, opened his eyes, and shut them again to avoid the glare of the broad daylight, rested upon his elbow, and appeared to be collecting his thoughts.

"Where am I?" exclaimed he. "In my own bed? Yes!" He passed his hand across his forehead, and felt the scroll. "What is this?" continued he, pulling it off and examining it. "And Amine, where is she? Good Heavens! what a dream! Another?" cried he, perceiving the scroll tied to his arm. "I see it now. Amine, this is your doing." And Philip threw himself down, and buried his face in the pillow.

Amine, in the meantime, had slipped into bed, and had taken her place by Philip's side. "Sleep, Philip, dear! sleep!" said she, putting her arms round him; "we will talk when we wake again."

"Are you there, Amine?" replied Philip,

confused. "I thought I was alone; I have dreamed——" And Philip again was fast asleep before he could complete his sentence. Amine, too, tired with watching, slumbered and was happy.

Father Mathias had to wait a long while for his breakfast that morning; it was not till two hours later than usual that Philip and Amine made their appearance.

"Welcome, my children," said he; "you are late."

"We are, Father," replied Amine; "for Philip slept, and I watched till break of day."

"He hath not been ill, I trust," replied the priest.

"No, not ill; but I could not sleep," replied Amine.

"Then didst thou do well to pass the night—as I doubt not thou hast done, my child—in holy watchings."

Philip shuddered; he knew that the watching, had its cause been known, would have

been, in the priest's opinion, anything but holy. Amine quickly replied,

“I have, indeed, communed with higher powers, as far as my poor intellect hath been able.”

“The blessing of our holy church upon thee, my child!” said the old man, putting his hand upon her head; “and on thee too, Philip.”

Philip, confused, sat down to the table; Amine was collected as ever. She spoke little, it is true, and appeared to commune with her own thoughts.

As soon as the repast was finished, the old priest took up his breviary, and Amine beckoning to Philip, they went out together. They walked in silence until they arrived at the green spot where Amine had first proposed to him that she should use her mystic power. She sat down, and Philip, fully aware of her purpose, took his seat by her in silence.

“Philip,” said Amine, taking his hand and looking earnestly in his face, “last night you dreamed.”

"I did, indeed, Amine," replied Philip, gravely.

"Tell me your dream; for it will be for me to expound it."

"I fear it needs but little exposition, Amine. All I would know is, from what intelligence the dream has been received?"

"Tell me your dream," replied Amine, calmly.

"I thought," replied Philip, mournfully, "that I was sailing as captain of a vessel round the Cape: the sea was calm and the breeze light: I was abaft; the sun went down, and the stars were more than usually brilliant; the weather was warm, and I lay down on my cloak, with my face to the heavens, watching the gems twinkling in the sky and the occasionally falling meteors. I thought that I fell asleep, and awoke with a sensation as if sinking down. I looked around me; the masts, the rigging, the hull of the vessel—*all* had disappeared, and I was floating by myself upon a large, beauti-



fully-shaped shell on the wide waste of waters. I was alarmed, and afraid to move, lest I should overturn my frail bark and perish. At last, I perceived the fore-part of the shell pressed down, as if a weight were hanging to it; and soon afterwards a small white hand, which grasped it. I remained motionless, and would have called out that my little bark would sink, but I could not. Gradually a figure raised itself from the waters, and leaned with both arms over the fore-part of the shell, where I first had seen but the hand. It was a female, in form beautiful to excess; the skin was white as driven snow; her long, loose hair covered her, and the ends floated in the water; her arms were rounded and like ivory: she said, in a soft sweet voice—

“ ‘Philip Vanderdecken, what do you fear? Have you not a charmed life?’ ”

“ ‘I know not,’ replied I, ‘whether my life be charmed or not; but this I know, that it is in danger.’ ”

“ ‘In danger!’ replied she; ‘it might have been in danger when you were trusting to the frail works of men, which the waves love to rend to fragments—your *good* ships, as you call them, which but float about upon sufferance; but where can be the danger when in a mermaid’s shell, which the mountain wave respects, and upon which the cresting surge dare not throw its spray? Philip Vanderdecken, you have come to seek your father!’

“ ‘I have,’ replied I; ‘is it not the will of Heaven?’

“ ‘It is your destiny—and destiny rules all above and below. Shall we seek him together? This shell is mine; you know not how to navigate it; shall I assist you!’

“ ‘Will it bear us both?’

“ ‘You will see,’ replied she, laughing, as she sank down from the fore-part of the shell, and immediately afterwards appeared at the side, which was not more than three inches above the water. To my alarm, she raised herself up, and sat

upon the edge, but her weight appeared to have no effect. As soon as she was seated in this way—for her feet still remained in the water—the shell moved rapidly along, and each moment increased its speed, with no other propelling power than that of her volition.

“ ‘Do you fear now, Philip Vanderdecken?’

“ ‘No!’ replied I.

“ She passed her hands across her forehead, threw aside the tresses which had partly concealed her face, and said—

“ ‘Then look at me.’

“ I looked, Amine, and I beheld you!”

“ Me!” observed Amine, with a smile upon her lips.

“ Yes, Amine, it was you. I called you by your name, and threw my arms round you. I felt that I could remain with you and sail about the world for ever.”

“ Proceed, Philip,” said Amine, calmly.

“ I thought we ran thousands and thousands of miles—we passed by beautiful islands, set

like gems on the ocean bed; at one time bounding against the rippling current, at others close to the shore—skimming on the murmuring wave which rippled on the sand, whilst the cocoa-tree on the beach waved to the cooling breeze.

“ ‘It is not in smooth seas that your father must be sought,’ said she; ‘we must try elsewhere.’

“By degrees, the waves rose, until at last they were raging in their fury, and the shell was tossed by the tumultuous waters; but still not a drop entered, and we sailed in security over billows which would have swallowed up the proudest vessel.

“ ‘Do you fear now, Philip?’ said you to me.

“ ‘No,’ replied I, ‘with you, Amine, I fear nothing.’

“ ‘We are now off the Cape again,’ said she, ‘and here you may find your father. Let us look well round us, for if we meet a ship it must be *his*. None but the Phantom Ship could swim in a gale like this.’

“ Away we flew over the mountainous waves—skimming from crest to crest between them, our little bark sometimes wholly out of the water; now east, now west, north, south, in every quarter of the compass, changing our course each minute. We passed over hundreds of miles:—at last we saw a vessel tossed by the furious gale.

“ ‘ There,’ cried she, pointing with her finger, ‘ there is your father’s vessel, Philip.’

“ Rapidly did we approach—they saw us from on board, and brought the vessel to the wind. We were alongside—the gangway was clearing away—for though no boat could have boarded, our shell was safe. I looked up. I saw my father, Amine! Yes, saw him and heard him as he gave his orders. I pulled the relic from my bosom, and held it out to him. He smiled, as he stood on the gunnel, holding on by the main shrouds. I was just rising to mount on board, for they had handed to me the man-ropes, when there was a loud yell, and

a man jumped from the gangway into the shell. You shrieked, slipped from the side, and disappeared under the wave, and in a moment the shell, guided by the man who had taken your place, flew away from the vessel with the rapidity of thought. I felt a deadly chill pervade my frame. I turned round to look at my new companion—it was the Pilot Schriften!—the one-eyed wretch who was drowned when we were wrecked in Table Bay!

“ ‘No! no! not yet!’ cried he.

“In an agony of despair and rage I hurled him off his seat on the shell, and he floated on the wild waters.

“ ‘Philip Vanderdecken,’ said he, as he swam, ‘we shall meet again!’

“I turned away my head in disgust, when a wave filled my bark, and down it sank. I was struggling under the water, sinking still deeper and deeper, but without pain, when I awoke.”

“Now, Amine,” said Philip, after a pause, “what think you of my dream?”

“Does it not point out that I am your friend, Philip, and that the Pilot Schriften is your enemy?”

“I grant it; but he is dead.”

“Is that so certain?”

“He hardly could have escaped without my knowledge.”

“That is true, but the dream would imply otherwise. Philip, it is my opinion that the only way in which this dream is to be expounded is—that you remain on shore for the present. The advice is that of the priests. In either case you require some further intimation. In your dream, *I* was your safe guide—be guided now by me again.”

“Be it so, Amine. If your strange art be in opposition to our holy faith, you expound the dream in conformity with the advice of its ministers.”

“I do. And now, Philip, let us dismiss the subject from our thoughts. Should the time come, your Amine will not persuade you from

your duty ; but recollect, you have promised to grant *one* favour when I ask it."

"I have ; say then, Amine, what may be your wish ?"

"O ! nothing at present. I have no wish on earth but what is gratified. Have I not you, dear Philip ?" replied Amine, fondly throwing herself on her husband's shoulder.



## CHAPTER XV.

It was about three months after this conversation that Amine and Philip were again seated upon the mossy bank which we have mentioned, and which had become their favourite resort. Father Mathias had contracted a great intimacy with Father Seysen, and the two priests were almost as inseparable as were Philip and Amine. Having determined to wait a summons previous to Philip's again entering upon his strange and fearful task; and, happy in the possession of each other, the subject was seldom revived. Philip, who had, on his return, expressed his wish to the Directors of the Company for immediate employment, and, if possible, to have the command of a vessel, had, since that

period, taken no further steps, nor had had any communication with Amsterdam.

“I am fond of this bank, Philip,” said Amine; “I appear to have formed an intimacy with it. It was here, if you recollect, that we debated the subject of the lawfulness of inducing dreams; and it was here, dear Philip, that you told me your dream, and that I expounded it.”

“You did so, Amine; but if you ask the opinion of Father Seysen, you will find that he would give rather a strong decision against you—he would call it heretical and damnable.”

“Let him, if he pleases. I have no objection to tell him.”

“I pray not, Amine; let the secret remain with ourselves only.”

“Think you Father Mathias would blame me?”

“I certainly do.”

“Well, I do not; there is a kindness and liberality about the old man that I admire. I should like to argue the question with him.”

As Amine spoke, Philip felt something touch his shoulder, and a sudden chill ran through his frame. In a moment his ideas reverted to the probable cause: he turned round his head, and to his amazement, beheld the (supposed to be drowned) mate of the *Ter Schilling*, the one-eyed *Schriften*, who stood behind him with a letter in his hand. The sudden appearance of this malignant wretch induced Philip to exclaim, "Merciful Heaven! is it possible?"

Amine, who had turned her head round at the exclamation of Philip, covered up her face, and burst into tears. It was not fear that caused this unusual emotion on her part, but the conviction that her husband was never to be at rest but in the grave.

"Philip Vanderdecken," said *Schriften*, "he! he! I've a letter for you—it is from the Company."

Philip took the letter, but, previous to opening it, he fixed his eyes upon *Schriften*. "I thought," said he, "that you were drowned

when the ship was wrecked in False Bay. How did you escape?"

"How did I escape?" replied Schriften.

"Allow me to ask how did you escape?"

"I was thrown up by the waves," replied Philip; "but——"

"But," interrupted Schriften, "he! he! the waves ought *not* to have thrown me up."

"And why not, pray? I did not say that."

"No! but I presume you wish it had been so; but, on the contrary, I escaped in the same way that you did—I was thrown up by the waves—he! he! But I can't wait here. I have done my bidding."

"Stop," replied Philip; "answer me one question. Do you sail in the same vessel with me this time?"

"I'd rather be excused," replied Schriften; "I am not looking for the Phantom Ship, Mynheer Vanderdecken;" and, with this reply, the little man turned round and went away at a rapid pace.

“Is not this a summons, Amine?” said Philip, after a pause, still holding the letter in his hand, with the seal unbroken.

“I will not deny it, dearest Philip. It is most surely so; the hateful messenger appears to have risen from the grave that he might deliver it. Forgive me, Philip; but I was taken by surprise. I will not again annoy you with a woman’s weakness.”

“My poor Amine,” replied Philip mournfully. “Alas! why did I not perform my pilgrimage alone? It was selfish of me to link you with so much wretchedness, and join you with me in bearing the fardel of never-ending anxiety and suspense.”

“And who should bear it with you, my dearest Philip, if it is not the wife of your bosom; You little know my heart if you think I shrink from the duty. No, Philip, it is a pleasure, even in its most acute pangs; for I consider that I am, by partaking with, relieving you of a portion of your sorrow, and I feel proud that I

am the wife of one who has been selected to be so peculiarly tried. But, dearest, no more of this. You must read the letter."

Philip did not answer. He broke the seal, and found that the letter intimated to him that he was appointed as first mate to the Vrow Katerina, a vessel which sailed with the next fleet; and requesting he would join as quickly as possible, as she would soon be ready to receive her cargo. The letter which was from the secretary, further informed him that, after this voyage, he might be certain of having the command of a vessel as captain, upon conditions which would be explained when he called upon the Board.

"I thought, Philip, that you had requested the command of a vessel for this voyage," observed Amine, mournfully.

"I did," replied Philip; "but not having followed up my application, it appears not to have been attended to. It has been my own fault."

"And now it is too late?"

“Yes, dearest, most assuredly so: but it matters not; I would as willingly, perhaps rather, sail this voyage as first mate.”

“Philip, I may as well speak now. That I am disappointed, I must confess: I fully expected that you would have had the command of a vessel, and you may remember that I exacted a promise from you, on this very bank upon which we now sit, at the time that you told me your dream. That promise I shall still exact, and I now tell you what I had intended to ask. It was, my dear Philip, permission to sail with you. With you, I care for nothing. I can be happy under every privation or danger; but to be left alone for so long, brooding over my painful thoughts, devoured by suspense, impatient, restless, and incapable of applying to any one thing—that, dear Philip, is the height of misery, and that is what I feel when you are absent. Recollect, I have your promise, Philip. As captain, you have the means of receiving your wife on board. I am bitterly disap-

pointed in being left this time ; do, therefore, to a certain degree, console me by promising that I shall sail with you next voyage, if Heaven permit your return."

" I promise it, Amine, since you are so earnest. I can refuse you nothing ; but I have a foreboding that your and my happiness will be wrecked for ever. I am not a visionary, but it does appear to me that, strangely mixed up as I am, at once with this world and the next, some little portion of futurity is opened to me. I have given my promise, Amine, but from it I would fain be released."

" And if ill *do* come, Philip, it is our destiny. Who can avert fate?"

" Amine, we are free agents, and to a certain extent are permitted to direct our own destinies."

" Ay, so would Father Seysen fain have made me believe ; but what he said in support of his assertion was to me incomprehensible. And yet he said that it was a part of the Catholic faith. It may be so—I am unable to understand many



other points. I wish your faith were made more simple. As yet the good man—for good he really is—has only led me into doubt.”

“Passing through doubt, you will arrive at conviction, Amine.”

“Perhaps so,” replied Amine; “but it appears to me that I am as yet but on the outset of my journey. But come, Philip, let us return. You must to Amsterdam, and I will go with you. After your labours of the day, at least until you sail, your Amine’s smiles must still enliven you. Is it not so?”

“Yes, dearest, I would have proposed it. I wonder much how Schriften could come here. I did not see his body it is certain, but his escape is to me miraculous. Why did he not appear when saved? where could he have been? What think you, Amine?”

“What I have long thought, Philip. He is a Ghoul with an evil eye, permitted for some cause to walk the earth in human form; and, is, certainly, in some way, connected with your

strange destiny. If it requires anything to convince me of the truth of all that has passed, it is his appearance—the wretched Afrit ! Oh, that I had my mother’s powers !—but I forget, it displeases you, Philip, that I ever talk of such things, and I am silent.”

Philip replied not ; and absorbed in their own meditations they walked back in silence to the cottage. Although Philip had made up his own mind, he immediately sent the Portuguese priest to summon Father Seysen, that he might communicate with them and take their opinion as to the summons he had received. Having entered into a fresh detail of the supposed death of Schriften, and his reappearance as a messenger, he then left the two priests to consult together, and went up stairs to Amine. It was more than two hours before Philip was called down, and Father Seysen appeared to be in a state of great perplexity.

“My son,” said he, “we are much perplexed. We had hoped that our ideas upon this strange

communication were correct, and that, allowing all that you have obtained from your mother and have seen yourself to have been no deception, still that it was the work of the evil one; and, if so, our prayers and masses would have destroyed this power. We advised you to wait another summons, and you have received it. The letter itself is of course nothing, but the reappearance of the bearer of the letter is the question to be considered. Tell me, Philip, what is your opinion on this point? It is possible he might have been saved—why not as well as yourself?”

“I acknowledge the possibility, Father,” replied Philip; “he may have been cast on shore and have wandered in another direction. It is possible, although anything but probable; but since you ask me my opinion, I must say candidly that I consider he is no earthly messenger—nay, I am sure of it. That he is mysteriously connected with my destiny is certain. But who he is, and what he is, of course I cannot tell.”

“Then, my son, we have come to the determination, in this instance, not to advise. You must act now upon your own responsibility and your own judgment. In what way soever you may decide we shall not blame you. Our prayers shall be, that Heaven may still have you in its holy keeping.”

“My decision, holy Father, is to obey the summons.”

“Be it so, my son; something may occur which may assist to work out the mystery,—a mystery which I acknowledge to be beyond my comprehension, and of too painful a nature for me to dwell upon.”

Philip said no more, for he perceived that the priest was not at all inclined to converse. Father Mathias took this opportunity of thanking Philip for his hospitality and kindness, and stated his intention of returning to Lisbon by the first opportunity that might offer.

In a few days Amine and Philip took leave of the priests, and quitted for Amsterdam—Father Seysen taking charge of the cottage until

Amine's return. On his arrival, Philip called upon the Directors of the Company, who promised him a ship on his return from the voyage he was about to enter upon, making a condition that he should become part owner of the vessel. To this Philip consented, and then went down to visit the *Vrow Katerina*, the ship to which he had been appointed as first mate. She was still unrigged, and the fleet was not expected to sail for two months. Only part of the crew were on board, and the captain, who lived at Dort, had not yet arrived.

So far as Philip could judge, the *Vrow Katerina* was a very inferior vessel; she was larger than many of the others, but old, and badly constructed; nevertheless, as she had been several voyages to the Indies, and had returned in safety, it was to be presumed that she could not have been taken up by the Company if they had not been satisfied as to her sea-worthiness. Having given a few directions to the men who were on board, Philip returned

to the hostelry where he had secured apartments for himself and Amine.

The next day, as Philip was superintending the fitting of the rigging, the captain of the Vrow Katerina arrived, and, stepping on board of her by the plank which communicated with the quay, the first thing that he did was to run to the mainmast and embrace it with both arms, although there was no small portion of tallow on it to smear the cloth of his coat. "Oh, my dear Vrow, my Katerina!" cried he, as if he were speaking to a female, "How do you do? I'm glad to see you again; you have been quite well, I hope? You do not like being laid up in this way. Never mind, my dear creature! you shall soon be handsome again."

The name of this personage who thus made love to his vessel, was Wilhelm Barentz. He was a young man, apparently not thirty years of age, of diminutive stature and delicate proportions. His face was handsome, but womanish. His movements were rapid and restless, and there

was that appearance in his eye which would have warranted the supposition that he was a little flighty, even if his conduct had not fully proved the fact.

No sooner were the ecstasies of the Captain over, than Philip introduced himself to him, and informed him of his appointment. "Oh! you are the first mate of the Vrow Katerina. Sir, you are a very fortunate man. Next to being captain of her, first mate is the most enviable situation in the world."

"Certainly not on account of her beauty," observed Philip; "she may have many other good qualities."

"Not on account of her beauty! Why sir, I say (as my father has said before me, and it was his Vrow before it was mine) that she is the handsomest vessel in the world. At present you cannot judge: and besides being the handsomest vessel, she has every good quality under the sun."

"I am glad to hear it, Sir," replied Philip;

“it proves, that one should never judge by appearances. But is she not very old?”

“Old! not more than twenty-eight years—just in her prime. Stop, my dear sir, till you see her dancing on the waters, and then you will do nothing all day but discourse with me upon her excellence, and I have no doubt that we shall have a very happy time together.”

“Provided the subject be not exhausted,” replied Philip.

“That it never will be, on my part: and, allow me to observe, Mr. Vanderdecken, that any officer who finds fault with the Vrow Katerina quarrels with me. I am her knight, and I have already fought three men in her defence,—I trust, I shall not have to fight a fourth.”

Philip smiled: he thought that she was not worth fighting for; but he acted upon the suggestion, and, from that time forward, he never ventured to express an opinion against the beautiful Vrow Katerina.



The crew were soon complete, the vessel rigged, her sails bent, and she was anchored in the stream, surrounded by the other ships composing the fleet about to be despatched. The cargo was then received on board, and, as soon as her hold was full, there came, to Philip's great vexation, an order to receive on board 150 soldiers and other passengers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and families. Philip worked hard, for the Captain did nothing but praise the vessel, and, at last, they had embarked every thing, and the fleet was ready to sail.

It was now time to part with Amine, who had remained at the hostelrie, and to whom Philip had dedicated every spare moment that he could obtain. The fleet was expected to sail in two days, and it was decided, that on the morrow they should part. Amine was cool and collected. She felt convinced that she should see her husband again, and with that feeling, she embraced him as they separated on the beach,

and he stepped into the boat in which he was to be pulled on board.

“Yes,” thought Amine, as she watched the form of her husband, as the distance between them increased—“yes, I know that we shall meet again. It is not this voyage which is to be fatal to you or me; but I have a dark foreboding that the next, in which I shall join you, will separate us for ever—in which way, I know not—but it is destined. The priests talk of free-will. Is it free-will which takes him away from me? Would he not rather remain on shore with me? Yes. But he is not permitted, for he must fulfil his destiny. Free-will? Why, if it were not destiny it were tyranny. I feel, and have felt, as if these priests are my enemies; but why I know not: they are both good men, and the creed they teach is good. Good-will and charity, love to all, forgiveness of injuries, not judging others. All this is good; and yet my heart whispers to me that—but the boat is alongside, and Philip is climbing up the vessel.

Farewell, farewell, my dearest husband. I would I were a man ! No, no ! 'tis better as it is."

Amine watched till she could no longer perceive Philip, and then walked slowly to the hostelrie. The next day, when she arose, she found that the fleet had sailed at daylight, and the channel, which had been so crowded with vessels, was now untenanted.

"He is gone," muttered Amine; "now for many months of patient, calm enduring,—I cannot say of living, for I exist but in his presence."

## CHAPTER XVI.

WE must leave Amine to her solitude, and follow the fortunes of Philip. The fleet had sailed with a flowing sheet, and bore gallantly down the Zuyder Zee; but they had not been under way an hour before the Vrow Katerina was left a mile or two astern. Mynheer Barentz found fault with the setting and trimming of the sails, and with the man at the helm, who was repeatedly changed; in short, with every-thing but his dear Vrow Katerina: but all would not do; she still dropped astern, and proved to be the worst sailing vessel in the fleet.

“Mynheer Vanderdecken,” said he, at last, “the Vrow, as my father used to say, is not so very *fast before* the wind. Vessels that are good on a wind seldom are; but this I will say, that,

in every other point of sailing, there is no other vessel in the fleet equal to the Vrow Katerina."

"Besides," observed Philip, who perceived how anxious his captain was on the subject, "we are heavily laden, and have so many troops on deck."

The fleet cleared the sands and were then close-hauled, when the Vrow Katerina proved to sail even more slowly than before. "When we are so *very* close-hauled," observed Mynheer Barentz, "the Vrow does not do so well; but a point free, and then you will see how she will show her stern to the whole fleet. She is a fine vessel, Mynheer Vanderdecken, is she not?"

"A very fine, roomy vessel," replied Philip which was all that, in conscience, he could say.

The fleet sailed on, sometimes on a wind, sometimes free, but let the point of sailing be what it might, the Vrow Katerina was invariably astern, and the fleet had to heave-to at sunset to enable her to keep company; still, the Captain continued to declare that the point of

sailing on which they happened to be, was the only point in which the Vrow Katerina was deficient. Unfortunately, the vessel had other points quite as bad as her sailing; she was crank, leaky, and did not answer the helm well: but Mynheer Barentz was not to be convinced. He adored his ship, and, like all men desperately in love, he could see no fault in his mistress. But others were not so blind, and the admiral, finding the voyage so much delayed by the bad sailing of one vessel, determined to leave her to find her way by herself so soon as they had passed the Cape. He was, however, spared the cruelty of deserting her, for a heavy gale came on which dispersed the whole fleet, and on the second day the good ship Vrow Katerina found herself alone, labouring heavily in the trough of the sea, leaking so much as to require hands constantly at the pumps, and drifting before the gale as fast to leeward almost as she usually sailed. For a week the gale continued, and each day did her situation become more alarming.

Crowded with troops, encumbered with heavy stores, she groaned and laboured, while whole seas washed over her, and the men could hardly stand at the pumps. Philip was active, and exerted himself to the utmost, encouraging the worn-out men, securing where aught had given way, and little interfered with by the Captain, who was himself no sailor.

“Well,” observed the Captain to Philip, as they held on by the belaying pins, “you’ll acknowledge that she is a fine weatherly vessel in a gale—is she not? Softly, my beauty, softly,” continued he, speaking to the vessel, as she plunged heavily into the waves, and every timber groaned. “Softly my dear, softly! How those poor devils in the other ship must be knocking about now. Heh! Mynheer Vanderdecken, we have the start of them this time: they must be a terrible long way down to leeward. Don’t you think so?”

“I really cannot pretend to say,” replied Philip, smiling.

“Why, there’s not one of them in sight. Yes! by Heavens, there is! Look on our lee-beam. I see one now. Well, she must be a capital sailer at all events: look there, a point abaft the beam. Mercy on me! how stiff she must be to carry such a press of canvass!”

Philip had already seen her. It was a large ship on a wind, and on the same tack as they were. In a gale, in which no vessel could carry the topsails, the Vrow Katerina being under close-reefed foresails and staysails, the ship seen to leeward was standing under a press of sail—topgallant-sail, royals, flying-jib, and every stitch of canvass which could be set in a light breeze. The waves were running mountains high, bearing each minute the Vrow Katerina down to the gunwale; and the ship seen appeared not to be affected by the tumultuous waters, but sailed steadily and smoothly on an even keel. At once Philip knew it must be the Phantom Ship, in which his father’s doom was being fulfilled.



“Very odd, is it not?” observed Mynheer Barentz.

Philip felt such an oppression on his chest that he could not reply. As he held on with one hand, he covered up his eyes with the other.

But the seamen had now seen the vessel, and the legend was too well known. Many of the troops had climbed on deck when the report was circulated, and all eyes were now fixed upon the supernatural vessel; when a heavy squall burst over the Vrow Katerina, accompanied with peals of thunder and heavy rain, rendering it so thick that nothing could be seen. In a quarter of an hour it cleared away, and, when they looked to leeward, the stranger was no longer in sight.

“Merciful Heaven! she must have been upset, and has gone down in the squall,” said Mynheer Barentz. “I thought as much, carrying such a press of sail. There never was a ship that could carry more than the Vrow

Katerina. It was madness on the part of the captain of that vessel; but I suppose he wished to keep up with us. Heh, Mynheer Vanderdecken?"

Philip did not reply to these remarks, which fully proved the madness of his captain. He felt that his ship was doomed, and when he thought of the numbers on board who might be sacrificed, he shuddered. After a pause, he said,

"Mynheer Barentz, this gale is likely to continue, and the best ship that ever was built cannot, in my opinion, stand such weather. I should advise that we bear up, and run back to Table Bay to refit. Depend upon it, we shall find the whole fleet there before us."

"Never fear for the good ship, Vrow Katerina," replied the Captain; "see what weather she makes of it."

"Cursed bad," observed one of the seamen, for the seamen had gathered near to Philip to hear what his advice might be. "If I had

known that she was such an old, crazy beast, I never would have trusted myself on board. Mynheer Vanderdecken is right; we must back to Table Bay ere worse befall us. That ship to leeward has given us warning—she is not seen for nothing,—ask Mr. Vanderdecken, Captain; he knows that well, for he *is* a sailor.”

This appeal to Philip made him start; it was, however, made without any knowledge of Philip’s interest in the Phantom Ship.

“I must say,” replied Philip, “that, whenever I have fallen in with that vessel, mischief has ever followed.”

“Vessel! why, what was there in that vessel to frighten you? She carried too much sail, and she has gone down.”

“She never goes down,” replied one of the seamen.

“No! no!” exclaimed many voices; “but we shall, if we do not run back.”

“Pooh! nonsense! Mynheer Venderdecken, what say you?”

"I have already stated my opinion," replied Philip, who was anxious, if possible, to see the ship once more in port, "that the best thing we can do, is to bear up for Table Bay."

"And, Captain," continued the old seaman who had just spoken, "we are all determined that it shall be so, whether you like it or not ; so up with the helm, my hearty, and Mynheer Vanderdecken will trim the sails."

"Why ! what is this?" cried Captain Barentz. "A mutiny on board of the Vrow Katerina ? impossible ! The Vrow Katerina ! the best ship, the fastest in the whole fleet !"

"The dullest old rotten tub," cried one of the seaman.

"What !" cried the Captain, "what do I hear ? Mynheer Vanderdecken, confine that lying rascal for mutiny."

"Pooh ! nonsense ! he's mad," replied the old seaman. "Never mind him ; come, Mynheer Vanderdecken, we will obey you ; but the helm must be up immediately."

The Captain stormed, but Philip, by acknowledging the superiority of his vessel, at the same time that he blamed the seamen for their panic, pointed out to him the necessity of compliance, and Mynheer Barentz at last consented. The helm was put up, the sails trimmed, and the Vrow Katerina rolled heavily before the gale. Towards the evening the weather moderated, and the sky cleared up; both sea and wind subsided fast; the leaking decreased, and Philip was in hopes that, in a day or two, they would arrive safely in the Bay.

As they steered their course, so did the wind gradually decrease, until, at last, it fell calm; nothing remained of the tempest but a long heavy swell which set to the westward, and before which the Vrow Katerina was gradually drifting. This was respite to the worn-out seamen, and also to the troops and passengers, who had been cooped below or drenched on the main-deck.

The upper deck was crowded; mothers basked

in the warm sun: with their children in their arms; the rigging was filled with the wet clothes, which were hung up to dry on every part of the shrouds; and the seamen were busily employed in repairing the injuries of the gale. By their reckoning, they were not more than fifty miles from Table Bay, and each moment they expected to see the land to the southward of it. All was again mirth, and every one on board, except Philip, considered that danger was no more to be apprehended.

The second mate, whose name was Krantz, was an active, good seaman, and a great favourite with Philip, who knew that he could trust to him, and it was on the afternoon of this day that he and Philip were walking together on the deck.

“What think you, Vanderdecken, of that strange vessel we saw?”

“I have seen her before, Krantz; and ——”

“And what?”

“Whatever vessel I have been in when I

have seen her, that vessel has never returned into port—others tell the same tale.”

“Is she, then, the ghost of a vessel?”

“I am told so ; and there are various stories afloat concerning her : but of this, I assure you—that I am fully persuaded that some accident will happen before we reach port, although everything, at this moment, appears so calm, and our port is so near at hand.”

“You are superstitious,” replied Krantz ; “and yet, I must say, that, to me, the appearance was not like a reality. No vessel could carry such sail in the gale ; but yet, there are madmen afloat who will sometimes attempt the most absurd things. If it was a vessel, she must have gone down, for when it cleared up she was not to be seen. I am not very credulous, and nothing but the occurrence of the consequences which you anticipate will make me believe that there was anything supernatural in the affair.”

“Well ! I shall not be sorry if the event proves me wrong,” replied Philip ; “but I

have my forebodings—we are not in port yet.”

“ No ! but we are but a trifling distance from it, and there is every prospect of a continuance of fine weather.”

“ There is no saying from what quarter the danger may come,” replied Philip ; “ we have other things to fear than the violence of the gale.”

“ True,” replied Krantz ; “ but, nevertheless, don’t let us croak. Notwithstanding all you say, I prophesy that in two days, at the farthest, we are safely anchored in Table Bay.”

The conversation here dropped, and Philip was glad to be left alone. A melancholy had seized him ; a depression of spirits, even greater than he had ever felt before. He leant over the gangway and watched the heaving of the sea.

“ Merciful Heaven !” ejaculated he, “ be pleased to spare this vessel ; let not the wail of women, the shrieks of the poor children, now embarked, be heard ; the numerous body of men, trusting to her planks,—let not them be



sacrificed for my father's crimes." And Philip mused. "The ways of Heaven are indeed mysterious," thought he.—"Why should others suffer because my father has sinned? And yet, is it not so everywhere? How many thousands fall on the field of battle in a war occasioned by the ambition of a king or the influence of a woman! How many millions have been destroyed for holding a different creed of faith! *He* works in his own way, leaving us to wonder and to doubt!"

The sun had set before Philip had quitted the gangway and gone down below. Commending himself and those embarked with him to the care of Providence, he at last fell asleep; but, before the bell was struck eight times to announce midnight, he was awakened by a rude shove of the shoulder, and perceived Krantz, who had the first watch, standing by him.

"By the Heaven above us! Vanderdecken, you have prophesied right. Up—quick! *The ship's on fire!*"

“ On fire !” exclaimed Vanderdecken, jumping out of his berth—“ where ?”

“ The main-hold.”

“ I will up immediately, Krantz. In the mean time, keep the hatches on and rig the pumps.”

In less than a minute, Philip was on deck, where he found Captain Barentz, who had also been informed of the case by the second mate.— In a few words all was explained by Krantz : there was a strong smell of fire proceeding from the main-hold ; and, on removing one of the hatches, which he had done without calling for any assistance, from a knowledge of the panic it would create, he found that the hold was full of smoke ; he had put it on again immediately, and had only made it known to Philip and the captain.

“ Thanks for your presence of mind,” replied Philip ; “ we have now time to reflect quietly on what is to be done. If the troops and the poor women and children knew their danger, their

alarm would have much impeded us: but how could she have taken fire in the main-hold?"

"I never heard of the Vrow Katerina taking fire before," observed the captain; "I think it is impossible. It must be some mistake—she is——"

"I now recollect that we have, in our cargo, several cases of vitriol in bottles," interrupted Philip. "In the gale, they must have been disturbed and broken. I kept them above all, in case of accident: this rolling, gunwale under, for so long a time must have occasioned one of them to fetch way."

"That's it, depend upon it," observed Krantz.

"I did object to receive them, stating that they ought to go out in some vessel which was not so encumbered with troops, so that they might remain on the main-deck; but they replied, that the invoices were made out and could not be altered. But now to act. My idea is to keep the hatches on, so as to smother it if possible."

“ Yes,” replied Krantz ; “ and, at the same time, cut a hole in the deck just large enough to admit the hose, and pump as much water as we can down into the hold.”

“ You are right, Krantz ; send for the carpenter and set him to work. I will turn the hands up and speak to the men. I smell the fire now very strong ; there is no time to lose.— If we can only keep the troops and the women quiet we may do something.”

The hands were turned up, and soon made their appearance on deck, wondering why they were summoned. The men had not perceived the state of the vessel, for, the hatches having been kept on, the little smoke that issued ascended the hatchway and did not fill the lower deck.

“ My lads,” said Philip, “ I am sorry to say that we have reason to suspect that there is some danger of fire in the main-hold.”

“ I smell it !” cried one of the seamen.

“ So do I,” cried several others, with every

show of alarm, and moving away as if to go below.

“ Silence, and remain where you are, my men. Listen to what I say : if you frighten the troops and passengers we shall do nothing ; we must trust to ourselves ; there is no time to be lost.— Mr. Krantz and the carpenter are doing all that can be done at present ; and now, my men, do me the favour to sit down on the deck, every one of you, while I tell you what we must do.”

This order of Philip's was obeyed, and the effect was excellent ; it gave the men time to compose themselves after the first shock ; for, perhaps, of all shocks to the human frame, there is none which creates a greater panic than the first intimation of fire on board of a vessel—a situation, indeed, pitiable, when it is considered that you have to choose between the two elements seeking your destruction. Philip did not speak for a minute or two. He then pointed out to the men the danger of their situation, what were the measures which he and Krantz had decided

upon taking, and how necessary it was that all should be cool and collected. He also reminded them that they had but little powder in the magazine, which was far from the site of the fire, and could easily be removed and thrown overboard ; and that, if the fire could not be extinguished, they had a quantity of spars on deck to form a raft, which, with the boats, would receive all on board, and that they were but a short distance from land.

Philip's address had the most beneficial effects ; the men rose up when he ordered them ; one portion went down to the magazine, and handed up the powder, which was passed along and thrown overboard ; another went to the pumps ; and Krantz, coming up, reported the hole to have been cut in the planking of the deck above the main hold : the hoses were fixed, and a quantity of water soon poured down, but it was impossible that the danger could be kept secret. The troops were sleeping on the deck, and the very employment of the seamen pointed

out what had occurred, even if the smoke, which now increased very much, and filled the lower deck, had not betrayed it. In a few minutes the alarm of *Fire!* was heard throughout the vessel, and men, women, and children were seen, some hurrying on their clothes, some running frightened about the decks, some shrieking, some praying, and the confusion and terror were hardly to be described.

The judicious conduct of Philip was then made evident: had the sailors been awakened by the appalling cry, they would have been equally incapable of acting, as were the troops and passengers. All subordination would have ceased: some would have seized the boats, and left the majority to perish: others would have hastened to the spirit-room, and, by their drunkenness, added to the confusion and horror of the scene: nothing would have been effected, and almost all would, in all probability, have perished miserably. But this had been prevented by the presence of mind shown by

Philip and the second-mate, for the captain was a cipher:—not wanting in courage certainly, but without conduct or a knowledge of his profession. The seamen continued steady to their duty, pushing the soldiers out of the way as they performed their allotted tasks: and Philip perceiving this, went down below, leaving Krantz in charge; and by reasoning with the most collected, by degrees he brought the majority of the troops to a state of comparative coolness.

The powder had been thrown overboard, and another hole having been cut in the deck on the other side, the other pump was rigged, and double the quantity of water poured into the hold; but it was evident to Philip that the combustion increased. The smoke and steam now burst through the interstices of the hatchways and the holes cut in the deck, with a violence that proved the extent of the fire which raged below, and Philip thought it advisable to remove all the women and children to the



poop and quarter-deck of the ship, desiring the husbands of the women to stay with them. It was a melancholy sight, and the tears stood in Philip's eyes as he looked upon the group of females—some weeping and straining their children to their bosoms; some more quiet and more collected than the men; the elder children mute or crying because their mothers cried, and the younger ones, unconscious of danger, playing with the first object which attracted their attention, or smiling at their parents. The officers commanding the troops were two ensigns newly entered, and very young men, ignorant of their duty, and without any authority—for men in cases of extreme danger will not obey those who are more ignorant than themselves—and, at Philip's request, they remained with and superintended the women and children.

So soon as Philip had given his orders that the women and children should be properly clothed (which many of them were not), he

went again forward to superintend the labour of the seamen, who already began to show symptoms of fatigue, from the excess of their exertions ; but many of the soldiers now offered to work at the pumps, and their services were willingly accepted. Their efforts were in vain. In about half an hour more, the hatches were blown up with a loud noise, and a column of intense and searching flame darted up perpendicularly from the hold, high as the lower mast-head. Then was heard the loud shriek of the women, who pressed their children in agony to their breasts, as the seamen and soldiers who had been working the pumps, in their precipitate retreat from the scorching flames, rushed aft, and fell among the huddled crowd.

“ Be steady, my lads—steady, my good fellows,” exclaimed Philip ; “ there is no danger yet. Recollect, we have our boats and raft, and although we cannot subdue the fire, and save the vessel, still we may, if you are cool and collected, not only save ourselves, but every one

—even the poor infants, who now appeal to you as men to exert yourselves in their behalf. Come, come, my lads, let us do our duty—we have the means of escape in our power if we lose no time. Carpenter, get your axes, and cut away the boom-lashings. Now, my men, let us get our boats out, and make a raft for these poor women and children; we are not ten miles from the land. Krantz, see to the boats with the starboard watch: larboard watch with me, to launch over the booms. Gunners, take any of the cordage you can, ready for lashing. Come, my lads, there is no want of light—we can work without lanterns.”

The men obeyed, as Philip, to encourage them, had almost jocularly remarked (for a joke is often well-timed, when apparently on the threshold of eternity) there was no want of light. The column of fire now ascended above the main-top—licking with its forked tongue the top-mast rigging—and embracing the main-mast in its folds: and the loud roar with which

it ascended proved the violence and rapidity of the combustion below, and how little time there was to be lost. The lower and main decks were now so filled with smoke that no one could remain there: some few poor fellows, sick in their cots, had long been smothered, for they had been forgotten. The swell had much subsided, and there was not a breath of wind: the smoke which rose from the hatchways ascended straight up in the air, which, as the vessel had lost all steerage-way, was fortunate. The boats were soon in the water, and trusty men placed in them: the spars were launched over, arranged by the men in the boats, and lashed together. All the gratings were then collected and firmly fixed upon the spars for the people to sit upon; and Philip's heart was glad at the prospect which he now had of saving the numbers which were embarked.

## CHAPTER XVII.

BUT their difficulties were not surmounted—the fire now had communicated to the main-deck, and burst out of the port-holes amid-ships—and the raft which had been forming alongside was obliged to be drifted astern, where it was more exposed to the swell. This retarded their labour, and, in the mean time, the fire was making rapid progress; the main-mast which had long been burning, fell over the side with the lurching of the vessel, and the flames out of the main-deck ports soon showed their points above the bulwarks, while volumes of smoke were poured in upon the upper-deck, almost suffocating the numbers which were crowded there; for all communication with the fore-part of the ship had been, for some time, cut off by

the flames, and every one had retreated aft. The women and children were now carried on to the poop ; not only to remove them farther from the suffocating smoke, but that they might be lowered down to the raft from the stern.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when all was ready, and by the exertions of Philip and the seamen, notwithstanding the swell, the women and children were safely placed on the raft, where it was considered that they would be less in the way, as the men could relieve each other in pulling when they were tired.

After the women and children had been lowered down, the troops were next ordered to descend by the ladders ; some few were lost in the attempt, falling under the boat's bottom and not re-appearing ; but two thirds of them were safely put on the berths they were ordered to take by Krantz, who had gone down to superintend this important arrangement. Such had been the vigilance of Philip, who had requested Captain Barentz to stand over the spirit-room

hatch, with pistols, until the smoke on the main-deck rendered the precaution unnecessary, that not a single person was intoxicated, and to this might be ascribed the order and regularity which had prevailed during this trying scene. But before one-third of the soldiers had descended by the stern ladder, the fire burst out of the stern windows with a violence that nothing could withstand; spouts of vivid flame extended several feet from the vessel, roaring with the force of a blow-pipe; at the same time, the flames burst through all the after-ports of the main-deck, and those remaining on board found themselves encircled with fire and suffocated with smoke and heat. The stern ladders were consumed in a minute and dropped into the sea; the boats which had been receiving the men were obliged, also, to back astern from the intense heat of the flames; even those on the raft shrieked as they found themselves scorched by the ignited fragments which fell on them as they were enveloped in an opaque cloud of smoke, which hid from them those who still

remained on the deck of the vessel. Philip attempted to speak to those on board, but he was not heard. A scene of confusion took place which ended in great loss of life. The only object appeared to be who should the first escape, though, except by jumping overboard, there was no escape. Had they waited, and (as Philip would have pointed out to them) have one by one thrown themselves into the sea, the men in the boats were fully prepared to pick them up ; or had they climbed out to the end of the lateen mizen-yard which was lowered down, they might have descended safely by a rope, but the scorching of the flames which surrounded them and the suffocation from the smoke was overpowering, and most of the soldiers sprang over the taffrail at once, or as nearly so as possible. The consequence was, that there were thirty or forty in the water at the same time, and the scene was as heart-rending as it was appalling ; the sailors in the boats dragging them in as fast as they could—the women on the raft, throwing to them loose garments to



haul them in;—at one time a wife shrieking as she saw her husband struggling, and sinking into eternity;—at another, curses and execrations from the swimmer who was grappled with by the drowning man, and dragged with him under the surface. Of eighty men who were left of the troops on board at the time of the bursting out of the flames from the stern windows, but twenty-five were saved. There were but few seamen left on board with Philip, the major part having been employed in making the raft or manning the three boats; those who were on board remained by his side, regulating their motions by his. After allowing full time for the soldiers to be picked up, Philip ordered the men to climb out to the end of the latteen yard which hung on the taffrail, and either to lower themselves down on the raft if it was under, or to give notice to the boats to receive them. The raft had been dropped farther astern by the seamen, that those on board of it might not suffer from the smoke and heat ;

and the sailors one after another lowered themselves down and were received by the boats. Philip desired Captain Barentz to go before him, but the Captain refused. He was too much choked with smoke to say why, but no doubt, but that it would have been something in praise of the Vrow Katerina. Philip then climbed out; he was followed by the Captain, and they were both received into one of the boats.

The rope, which had hitherto held the raft to the ship, was now cast off, and it was taken in by the boats; and in a short time the Vrow Katerina was borne to leeward of them; and Philip and Krantz now made arrangements for the better disposal of the people. The sailors were almost all put into boats that they might relieve one another in pulling; the remainder were placed on the raft, along with the soldiers, the women, and the children. Notwithstanding that the boats were all as much loaded as they could well bear, the numbers on the raft were so great, that it sunk nearly a foot under water,

when the swell of the sea poured upon it ; but stanchions and ropes to support those on board had been fixed ; and the men remained at the sides, while the women and children were crowded together in the middle.

As soon as these arrangements were made, the boats took the raft in tow, and just as the dawn of day appeared pulled in the direction of the land.

The Vrow Katerina was, by this time, one volume of flame ; she had drifted about half a mile to leeward, and Captain Barentz, who was watching, as he sat in the boat with Philip, exclaimed—" Well, there goes a lovely ship, a ship that could do everything but speak—I'm sure that not a ship in the fleet would have made such a bonfire as she has—does she not burn beautifully—nobly? My poor Vrow Katerina ! perfect to the last, we never shall see such a ship as you again ! Well, I'm glad my father did not live to see this sight, for it would have broken his heart, poor man."

Philip made no reply, he felt a respect even

for Captain Barentz's misplaced regard for the vessel. They made but little way, for the swell was rather against them, and the raft was deep in the water. The day dawned, and the appearance of the weather was not favourable ; it promised a return of the gale. Already a breeze ruffled the surface of the water, and the swell appeared to increase rather than go down. The sky was overcast and the horizon thick. Philip looked out for the land but could not perceive it, for there was a haze on the horizon, so that he could not see more than five miles. He felt that to gain the shore before the coming night was necessary for the preservation of so many individuals, of whom more than sixty were women and children, who, without any nourishment, were sitting on a frail raft, immersed in the water. No land in sight—a gale coming on, and in all probability, a heavy sea and dark night. The chance was indeed desperate, and Philip was miserable—most miserable—when he reflected that so many innocent beings might, before the next morning,

be consigned to a watery tomb—and why?—yes! there was the feeling—that although Philip could reason against—he never could conquer; for his own life he cared nothing—even the idea of his beloved Amine was nothing in the balance at these moments. The only point which sustained him, was the knowledge that he had his duty to perform, and, in the full exercise of his duty, he recovered himself.

“Land a-head!” was now cried out by Krantz, who was in the head-most boat, and the news was received with a shout of joy from the raft and the boats. The anticipation and the hope the news gave was like manna in the wilderness; and the poor women on the raft, drenched sometimes above the waist by the swell of the sea, clasped the children in their arms still closer, and cried—“My darling, you shall be saved.”

Philip stood upon the stern-sheets to survey the land, and he had the satisfaction of finding that it was not five miles distant, and a ray of hope warmed his heart. The breeze now had gradu-

ally increased, and rippled the water. The quarter from which the wind came was neither favourable nor adverse, being on the beam. Had they had sails for the boats it would have been otherwise, but they had been stowed away and could not be procured. The sight of land naturally rejoiced them all, and the seamen in the boat cheered, and double-banked the oars to increase their way; but the towing of a large raft sunk under water was no easy task; and they did not, with all their exertions, advance more than half a mile an hour.

Until noon they continued their exertions, not without success; they were not three miles from the land—but, as the sun passed the meridian, a change took place; the breeze blew strong; the swell of the sea rose rapidly; and the raft was often so deeply immersed in the waves as to alarm them for the safety of those upon her. Their way was proportionably retarded, and by three o'clock they had not gained half a mile from where they had been at noon. The men

not having had refreshment of any kind during the labour and excitement of so many hours, began to flag in their exertions. The wish for water was expressed by all—from the child who appealed to its mother, to the seaman who strained at the oar. Philip did all he could to encourage the men ; but finding themselves so near to the land, and so overcome with fatigue, and that the raft in tow would not allow them to approach their haven, they murmured, and talked of the necessity of casting loose the raft and looking out for themselves. A feeling of self prevailed, and they were mutinous : but Philip expostulated with them, and out of respect for him, they continued their exertions for another hour, when a circumstance occurred which decided the question, upon which they had recommenced a debate.

The increased swell and the fresh breeze had so beat about and tossed the raft, that it was with difficulty, for some time, that its occupants could hold themselves on it. A loud shout, mingled

with screams, attracted the attention of those in the boats, and Philip looking back, perceived that the lashings of the raft had yielded to the force of the waves, and that it had separated amidship. The scene was agonising: husbands were separated from their wives and children—each floating away from each other—for the part of the raft which was still towed by the boats, had already left the other far astern. The women rose up and screamed, and held up their children; some, more frantic, dashed into the water between them, and attempted to gain the floating wreck upon which their husbands stood, and sank before they could be assisted. But the horror increased—one lashing having given way, all the rest soon followed; and, before the boats could turn and give assistance the sea was strewn with the spars which composed the raft, with men, women, and children clinging to them. Loud were the yells of despair, and the shrieks of the women, as they embraced their offspring, and in attempting to save them were lost them-



selves. The spars of the raft still close together, were hurled one upon the other by the swell, and many found death by being jammed between them. Although all the boats hastened to their assistance, there was so much difficulty and danger in forcing them between the spars, that but few were saved, and even those few were more than the boats could well take in. The seamen and a few soldiers were picked up, but all the females and the children had sunk beneath the waves.

The effect of this catastrophe may be imagined, but hardly described. The seamen who had debated as to casting them adrift to perish, wept as they pulled towards the shore. Philip was overcome, he covered his face, and remained, for some time, without giving directions, and heedless of what passed.

It was now five o'clock in the evening; the boats had cast off the tow lines, and vied with each other in their exertions. Before the sun had set they all had arrived at the beach, and

were safely landed in the little sand bay into which they had steered, for the wind was off the shore, and there was no surf. The boats were hauled up, and the exhausted men lay down on the sands, till warm with the heat of the sun, and forgetting that they had neither eaten nor drank for so long a time, they were soon fast asleep. Captain Barentz, Philip, and Krantz, as soon as they had seen the boats secured, held a short consultation, and were then glad to follow the example of the seamen; harassed and worn out with the fatigue of the last twenty-four hours, their senses were soon drowned in oblivion.

For many hours they all slept soundly, dreamt of water, and awoke to the sad reality that they were tormented with thirst, and were on a sandy beach with the salt waves mocking them; but they reflected how many of their late companions had been swallowed up, and felt thankful that they had been spared. It was early dawn when they all rose from the forms which they had impressed on the yielding sand;

and, by the directions of Philip, they separated in every direction, to look for the means of quenching their agony of thirst. As they proceeded over the sand hills, they found growing in the sand a low spongy-leaf sort of shrub, something like what in our greenhouses is termed the ice-plant; the thick leaves of which were covered with large drops of dew. They sank down on their knees, and proceeded from one to the other licking off the moisture which was abundant, and soon felt a temporary relief. They continued their search till noon without success, and hunger was now added to their thirst; they then returned to the beach to ascertain if their companions had been more successful. They had also quenched their thirst with the dew of heaven, but had found no water or means of subsistence; but some of them had eaten the leaves of the plant which had contained the dew in the morning, and had found them, although acid, full of watery sap and grateful to the palate. The plant in question is the one provided by

bounteous Providence for the support of the camel and other beasts in the arid desert, only to be found there, and devoured by all ruminating animals with avidity. By the advice of Philip they collected a quantity of this plant and put it into the boats, and then launched.

They were not more than fifty miles from Table Bay, and although they had no sails, the wind was in their favour. Philip pointed out to them how useless it was to remain, when before morning they would, in all probability, arrive at where they would obtain all they required. The advice was approved of and acted upon; the boats were shoved off and the oars resumed. So tired and exhausted were the men, that their oars dipped mechanically into the water, for there was no strength left to be applied; it was not until the next morning at daylight, that they had arrived opposite False Bay, and they had still many miles to pull. The wind in their favour had done almost all—the men could do little or nothing.

Encouraged, however, by the sight of land which they knew, they rallied; and about noon they pulled exhausted to the beach at the bottom of Table Bay, near to which were the houses, and the fort protecting the settlers who had for some few years resided there. They landed close to where a broad rivulet at that season (but a torrent in the winter) poured its stream into the Bay. At the sight of fresh water, some of the men dropped their oars, threw themselves into the sea when out of their depth, others when the water was above their waists, yet they did not arrive so soon as those who waited till the boat struck the beach and jumped out upon dry land. And then they threw themselves into the rivulet, which coursed over the shingle, about five or six inches in depth, allowing the refreshing stream to pour into their mouths till they could receive no more, immersing their hot hands, and rolling in it with delight.

Despots and fanatics have exerted their ingenuity to invent torments for their victims—

how useless!—the rack, the boot, fire,—all that they have imagined are not to be compared to the torture of extreme thirst. In the extremity of agony, the sufferers cry for water and it is not refused: they might have spared themselves their refined ingenuity of torment and the disgusting exhibition of it, had they only confined the prisoner in his cell, and refused him *water*.

As soon as they satisfied the most pressing of all wants, they rose dripping from the stream, and walked up to the houses of the factory; the inhabitants of which, perceiving that boats had landed, when there was no vessel in the Bay, naturally concluded that some disaster had happened, and were walking down to meet them.—Their tragical history was soon told. The thirty-six men that stood before them were all that were left of nearly three hundred souls embarked, and they had been more than two days without food. At this intimation no further questions were asked by the considerate settlers, until the hunger of the sufferers had been

appeared, when the narrative of their sufferings was fully detailed by Philip and Krantz.

“ I have an idea that I have seen you before,” observed one of the settlers ; “ did you come on shore when the fleet anchored ? ”

“ I did not,” replied Philip, “ but I have been here.”

“ I recollect, now,” replied the man ; “ you were the only survivor of the Ter Schilling, which was lost in False Bay.”

“ Not the only survivor,” replied Philip ; “ I thought so myself, but I afterwards met the pilot, a one-eye’d man, of the name of Schriften, who was my ship-mate—he must have arrived here after me. You saw him, of course.”

“ No, I did not ; no one belonging to the Ter Schilling ever came here after you, for I have been a settler here ever since, and it is not likely that I should forget such a circumstance.”

“ He must, then, have returned to Holland by some other means.”

“ I know not how.—Our ships never go near

the coast, after they leave the Bay; it is too dangerous."

"Nevertheless, I saw him," replied Philip, musing.

"If you saw him, that is sufficient: perhaps some vessel had been blown down to the eastern side, and picked him up; but the natives in that part are not likely to have spared the life of an European. The Cafres are a cruel people."

The information, that Schriften had not been seen at the Cape, was a subject of meditation to Philip. He had always had an idea, as the reader knows, that there was something supernatural about the man, and this opinion was corroborated by the report of the settler.

We must pass over the space of two months, during which the wrecked seamen were treated with kindness by the settlers, and, at the expiration of which, a small brig arrived at the Bay, and took in refreshments: she was homeward bound, with a full cargo, and being chartered by the Company, could not refuse to receive on



board the crew of the *Vrow Katerina*. Philip, Krantz, and the seamen embarked, but Captain Barentz remained behind to settle at the Cape.

“Should I go home,” said he to Philip, who argued with him, “I have nothing in the world to return for. I have no wife—no children—I had but one, dear object, my *Vrow Katerina*, who was my wife, my child, my everything—she is gone, and I never shall find another vessel like her; and if I could, I should not love it, as I did her. No, my affections are buried with her; are entombed in the deep sea. How beautifully she burnt! she went out of the world like a phoenix, as she was. No! no! I will be faithful to her—I will send for what little money I have, and live as near to her tomb as I can—I never shall forget her as long as I live—I shall mourn over her, and ‘*Vrow Katerina*,’ when I die, will be found engraven on my heart.”

Philip could not help wishing that his affections had been fixed upon a more deserving

object, as then, probably, the tragical loss had not taken place; but he changed the subject, feeling that, being no sailor, Captain Barentz was much better on shore, than in the command of a vessel. They shook hands and parted—Philip promising to execute Barentz's commission, which was to turn his money into articles most useful to a settler, and have them sent out by the first fleet which should sail from the Zuyder Zee. But this commission it was not Philip's good fortune to execute. The brig, named the *Wilhelmina*, sailed, and soon arrived at St. Helena. After watering she proceeded on her voyage. They had made the Western Isles, and Philip was consoling himself with the anticipation of soon joining his *Amine*, when to the northward of the Islands, they met with a furious gale, before which they were obliged to scud for many days, with the vessel's head to the south-east; and as the wind abated and they were able to haul to it, they fell in with a Dutch fleet, of five vessels, commanded

by an admiral, which had left Amsterdam more than two months, and had been buffeted about, by contrary gales, for the major part of that period. Cold, fatigue, and bad provisions had brought on the scurvy, and the ships were so weakly manned that they could hardly navigate them. When the captain of the *Wilhelmina* reported to the admiral that he had part of the crew of the *Vrow Katerina* on board, he was ordered to send them immediately to assist in navigating his crippled fleet :—remonstrance was useless—Philip had but time to write to Amine, acquainting her with his misfortunes and disappointment; and, confiding the letter to his wife, as well as his narrative of the loss of the *Vrow Katerina* for the directors, to the charge of the captain of the *Wilhelmina*, he hastened to pack up his effects, and repaired on board of the admiral's ship, with Krantz and the crew. To them were added six of the men belonging to the *Wilhelmina*, which the admiral insisted on retaining; and the brig, having

received the admiral's despatches, was then permitted to continue her voyage.

Perhaps there is nothing more trying to the seamen's feelings, than being unexpectedly forced to recommence another series of trials, at the very time when they anticipate repose from their former ; yet, how often does this happen ! Philip was melancholy : " It is my destiny," thought he, using the words of Amine, " and why should I not submit ?" Krantz was furious, and the seamen discontented and mutinous—but it was useless. Might is right on the vast ocean, where there is no appeal—no trial or injunction to be obtained.

But hard as their case appeared to them, the admiral was fully justified in his proceeding. His ships were almost unmanageable with the few hands who could still perform their duty ; and this small increase of physical power might be the means of saving hundreds, who lay helpless in their hammocks. In his own vessel, the *Lion*, which was manned with two hundred and fifty men,

when she sailed from Amsterdam, there were not more than seventy capable of doing duty ; and the other ships had suffered in proportion.

The first captain of the *Lion* was dead, the second captain in his hammock, and the admiral had no one to assist him but the mates of the vessel, some of whom crawled up to their duty more dead than alive. The ship of the second in command, the *Dort*, was even in a more deplorable plight. The commodore was dead ; the first captain was still doing his duty ; but he had but one more officer capable of remaining on deck.

The admiral sent for Philip into his cabin, and, having heard his narrative of the loss of the *Vrouw Katerina*, he ordered him to go on board the commodore's ship as captain, giving the rank of commodore to the captain at present on board of her ; Krantz was retained on board his own vessel, as second captain ; for, by Philip's narrative, the admiral perceived at once that they were both good officers and brave men.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE fleet under Admiral Rymelandt's command was ordered to proceed to the East Indies by the western route, through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific Ocean—it being still imagined, notwithstanding previous failures, that this route offered facilities which might shorten the passage to the Spice Islands.

The vessels composing the fleet were the *Lion* of forty-four guns, bearing the admiral's flag; the *Dort* of thirty-six guns, with the commodore's pendant—to which Philip was appointed; the *Zuyder Zee* of twenty; the *Young Frau* of twelve, and a ketch of four guns, called the *Schevelling*.

The crew of the *Vrouw Katernia* were divided between the two larger vessels; the others, being

smaller, were easier worked with fewer hands. Every arrangement having been made, the boats were hoisted up, and the ships made sail. For ten days they were baffled by light winds, and the victims to the scurvy increased considerably on board of Philip's vessel. Many died and were thrown overboard, and others were carried down to their hammocks.

The newly-appointed commodore, whose name was Avenhorn, went on board of the admiral, to report the state of the vessel, and to suggest, as Philip had proposed to him, that they should make the coast of South America, and endeavour, by bribery or by force, to obtain supplies either from the Spanish inhabitants or the natives. But to this the admiral would not listen. He was an imperious, bold, and obstinate man, not to be persuaded or convinced, and with little feeling for the sufferings of others. Tenacious of being advised, he immediately rejected a proposition which, had it originated with himself, would probably have been immediately

acted upon ; and the commodore returned on board his vessel, not only disappointed, but irritated by the language used towards him.

“ What are we to do, Captain Vanderdecken? you know too well our situation—it is impossible we can continue long at sea ; if we do, the vessel will be drifting at the mercy of the waves, while the crew die a wretched death in their hammocks. At present, we have forty men left ; in ten days more we shall probably have but twenty ; for as the labour becomes more severe, so do they drop down the faster. Is it not better to risk our lives in combat with the Spaniards, than die here like rotten sheep ?”

“ I perfectly agree with you, Commodore,” replied Philip, “ but still we must obey orders. The Admiral is an inflexible man.”

“ And a cruel one. I have a great mind to part company in the night, and, if he finds fault, I will justify myself to the Directors on my return.”

“ Do nothing rashly—perhaps, when day



by day he finds his own ship's company more weakened, he will see the necessity of following your advice."

A week had passed away after this conversation, and the fleet had made little progress. In each ship the ravages of the fatal disease became more serious, and, as the Commodore had predicted, he had but twenty men really able to do duty. Nor had the Admiral's ship and the other vessels suffered less. The Commodore again went on board to reiterate his proposition.

Admiral Rymelandt was not only a stern, but a vindictive man. He was aware of the propriety of the suggestion made by his second in command, but, having refused it, he would not acquiesce; and he felt revengeful against the Commodore, whose counsel he must now either adopt, or by refusing it be prevented from taking the steps so necessary for the preservation of his crew, and the success of his voyage. Too proud to acknowledge himself in error, again did he decidedly refuse, and the

Commodore went back to his own ship. The fleet was then within three days of the coast, steering to the southward for the Straits of Magellan, and that night, after Philip had returned to his cot, the Commodore went on deck and ordered the course of the vessel to be altered some points more to the westward. The night was very dark, and the *Lion* was the only ship which carried a poop-lantern, so that the parting company of the *Dort* was not perceived by the Admiral and the other ships of the fleet. When Philip went on deck next morning, he found that their consorts were not in sight. He looked at the compass, and, perceiving that the course was altered, inquired at what hour and by whose directions. Finding that it was by his superior officer, he of course said nothing. When the Commodore came on deck, he stated to Philip that he felt himself warranted in not complying with the Admiral's orders, as it would have been sacrificing the whole ship's company. This was, indeed, true.

In two days they made the land, and, running into the shore, perceived a large town and Spaniards on the beach. They anchored at the mouth of the river, and hoisted English colours, when a boat came on board to ask them who they were and what they required? The Commodore replied that the vessel was English, for he knew that the hatred of the Spanish to the Dutch was so great that, if known to belong to that nation, he would have had no chance of procuring any supplies, except by force. He stated that he had fallen in with a Spanish vessel, a complete wreck, from the whole of the crew being afflicted with the scurvy; that he had taken the men out, who were now in their hammocks below, as he considered it cruel to leave so many of his fellow-creatures to perish, and that he had come out of his course to land them at the first Spanish fort he could reach. He requested that they would immediately send on board vegetables and fresh provisions for the sick men, whom it would be death to remove,

until after a few days, when they would be a little restored; and added, that in return for their assisting the Spaniards, he trusted the Governor would also send supplies for his own people.

This well-made up story was confirmed by the officer sent on board by the Spanish Governor. Being requested to go down below and see the patients, the sight of so many poor fellows in the last stage of that horrid disease—their teeth fallen out, gums ulcerated, bodies full of tumours and sores—was quite sufficient, and, hurrying up from the lower deck, as he would have done from a charnel-house, the officer hastened on shore and made his report.

In two hours a large boat was sent off with fresh beef and vegetables sufficient for three days' supply for the ship's company, and these were immediately distributed among the men. A letter of thanks was returned by the Commadore, stating that his health was so indifferent as to prevent his coming on shore in person to

thank the Governor, and forwarding a pretended list of the Spaniards on board, in which he mentioned some officers and people of distinction, whom he imagined might be connected with the family of the Governor, whose name and titles he had received from the messenger sent on board ; for the Dutch knew full well the majority of the noble Spanish families—indeed, alliances had continually taken place between them previous to their assertion of their independence. The Commodore concluded his letter by expressing a hope that, in a day or two, he should be able to pay his respects and make arrangements for the landing of the sick, as he was anxious to proceed on his voyage of discovery.

On the third day, a fresh supply of provisions was sent on board, and, so soon as they were received, the Commodore, in an English uniform, went on shore and called upon the Governor, gave a long detail of the sufferings of the people he had rescued, and agreed that they should be sent on shore in two days, as they would, by

that time, be well enough to be moved. After many compliments, he went on board, the Governor having stated his intention to return his visit on the following day, if the weather were not too rough. Fortunately, the weather was rough for the next two days, and it was not until the third that the Governor made his appearance. This was precisely what the Commodore wished.

There is no disease, perhaps, so dreadful or so rapid in its effects upon the human frame, and at the same time so instantaneously checked, as the scurvy, if the remedy can be procured. A few days was sufficient to restore those, who were not able to turn in their hammocks, to their former vigour. In the course of the six days nearly all the crew of the *Dort* were convalescent, and able to go on deck ; but still they were not cured. The Commodore waited for the arrival of the Governor, received him with all due honours, and then, so soon as he was in the cabin, told him very politely that he and

all his officers with him were prisoners. That the vessel was a Dutch man-of-war, and that it was his own people, and not Spaniards, who had been dying of the scurvy. He consoled him, however, by pointing out that he had thought it preferable to obtain provisions by this *ruse*, than to sacrifice lives on both sides by taking them by force, and that his Excellency's captivity would endure no longer than until he had received on board a sufficient number of live bullocks and fresh vegetables to ensure the recovery of the ship's company; and, in the mean time, not the least insult would be offered to him. Whereupon the Spanish Governor first looked at the Commodore and then at the file of armed men at the cabin door, and then to his distance from the town; and then called to mind the possibility of his being taken out to sea. Weighing all these points in his mind, and the very moderate ransom demanded (for bullocks were not worth a dollar a-piece in that country), he resolved, as he could not help

himself, to comply with the Commodore's terms. He called for pen and ink, and wrote an order to send on board immediately all that was demanded. Before sunset the bullocks and vegetables were brought off, and, so soon as they were alongside, the Commodore, with many bows and many thanks, escorted the Governor to the gangway, complimenting him with a salvo of great guns, as he had done before, on his arrival. The people on shore thought that his Excellency had paid a long visit, but, as he did not like to acknowledge that he had been deceived, nothing was said about it at least, in his hearing, although the facts were soon well known. As soon as the boats were cleared, the Commodore weighed anchor and made sail, well satisfied with having preserved his ship's company; and, as the Falkland Islands, in case of parting company, had been named as the rendezvous, he steered for them. In a fortnight he arrived, and found that his Admiral was not yet there. His crew were now all recovered, and his fresh



beef was not yet expended, when he perceived the Admiral and the three other vessels in the offing.

It appeared that so soon as the *Dort* had parted company, the Admiral had immediately acted upon the advice that the Commodore had given him, and had run for the coast. Not being so fortunate in a *ruse* as his second in command, he had landed an armed force from the four vessels, and had succeeded in obtaining several head of cattle, at the expense of an equal number of men killed and wounded. But at the same time they had collected a large quantity of vegetables of one sort or another, which they had carried on board and distributed with great success to the sick, who were gradually recovering.

Immediately that the Admiral had anchored, he made the signal for the Commodore to repair on board, and taxed him with disobedience of orders in having left the fleet. The Commodore did not deny that he had so done, but excused

himself upon the plea of necessity, offering to lay the whole matter before the Court of Directors so soon as they returned; but the Admiral was vested with most extensive powers, not only of the trial, but the *condemnation* and punishment of any person guilty of mutiny and insubordination in his fleet. In reply, he told the Commodore that he was a prisoner, and, to prove it, he confined him in irons under the half-deck.

A signal was then made for all the captains: they went on board, and of course Philip was of the number. On their arrival the Admiral held a summary court-martial, proving to them by his instructions that he was so warranted to do. The result of the court-martial could be but one,—condemnation for a breach of discipline, to which Philip was obliged reluctantly to sign his name. The Admiral then gave Philip the appointment of second in command, and the Commodore's pendant, much to the annoyance of the captains commanding the other vessels,—but, in this, the Admiral proved his judgment,

as there was no one of them so fit for the task as Philip. Having so done, he dismissed them. Philip would have spoken to the late Commadore, but the sentry opposed it, as against his orders; and, with a friendly nod, Philip was obliged to leave him without the desired communication.

The fleet remained three weeks at the Falkland Islands, to recruit the ships' companies. Although there was no fresh beef, there was plenty of scurvy grass and penguins. These birds were in myriads on some parts of the island, which, from the propinquity of their nests, built of mud, went by the name of *towns*. There they sat, close together, (the whole area which they covered being bare of grass), hatching their eggs and rearing their young. The men had but to select as many eggs and birds as they pleased, and so numerous were they, that, when they had supplied themselves, there was no apparent diminution of the numbers. This food, although in a short time not very palatable to the seamen, had the effect of restoring them

to health, and, before the fleet sailed, there was not a man who was afflicted with the scurvy. In the mean time the Commodore remained in irons, and many were the conjectures concerning his ultimate fate. The power of life and death was known to be in the Admiral's hands, but no one thought that such power would be exerted upon a delinquent of so high a grade. The other captains kept aloof from Philip, and he knew little of what was the general idea. Occasionally when on board of the Admiral's ship, he ventured to bring up the question, but was immediately silenced ; and feeling that he might injure the late Commodore (for whom he had a regard) he would risk nothing by importunity ; and the fleet sailed for the Straits of Magellan, without anybody being aware of what might be the result of the court-martial.

It was about a fortnight after they had left the Falkland Islands, that they entered the Straits. At first they had a leading wind which carried them half through, but this did not last,

and they then had to contend not only against the wind, but against the current, and they daily lost ground. The crews of the ships also began to sicken from fatigue and cold. Whether the Admiral had before made up his mind, or whether irritated by his fruitless endeavours to continue his voyage, it is impossible to say ; but, after three weeks' useless struggle against the wind and currents, he hove to and ordered all the captains on board, when he proposed that the prisoner should receive his punishment—and that punishment was—to *be deserted*—that is, to be sent on shore with a day's food, where there was no means of obtaining support, so as to die miserably of hunger. This was a punishment frequently resorted to by the Dutch at that period, as will be seen by reading an account of their voyages : but, at the same time, seldom, if ever, awarded to one of so high a rank as that of Commodore.

Philip immediately protested against it, and so did Krantz, although they were both aware,

that by so doing, they would make the Admiral their enemy ; but the other captains, who viewed both of them with a jealous eye, and considered them as interlopers and interfering with their advancement, sided with the Admiral. Notwithstanding this majority, Philip thought it his duty to expostulate.

“ You know well, Admiral,” said he, “ that I joined in his condemnation for a breach of discipline : but, at the same time, there was much in extenuation. He committed a breach of discipline to save his ship’s company, but not an error in judgment, as you yourself proved, by taking the same measure to save your own men. Do not, therefore, visit an offence of so doubtful a nature with such cruelty. Let the Company decide the point when you send him home, which you can do so soon as you arrive in India. He is sufficiently punished by losing his command : to do what you propose will be ascribed to feelings of revenge more than to those of justice. What success can we de-

serve if we commit an act of such cruelty ? and how can we expect a merciful Providence to protect us from the winds and waves when we are thus barbarous towards each other ?”

Philip’s arguments were of no avail. The Admiral ordered him to return on board his ship, and had he been able to find an excuse, he would have deprived him of his command. This he could not well do ; but Philip was aware that the Admiral was now his inveterate enemy. The Commodore was taken out of irons and brought into the cabin, and his sentence was made known to him.

“ Be it so, Admiral,” replied Avenhorn ; “ for, to attempt to turn you from your purpose, I know would be unavailing. I am not punished for disobedience of orders, but for having, by my disobedience, pointed out to you your duty—a duty which you were forced to perform afterwards by necessity. Then be it so ; let me perish on these black rocks, as I shall, and my bones be whitened by the chilly blasts

which howl over their desolation. But mark me, cruel and vindictive man ! I shall not be the only one whose bones will bleach there. I prophecy that many others will share my fate, and even you, Admiral, *may* be of the number,—if I mistake not, we shall lie side by side.”

The Admiral made no reply, but gave a sign for the prisoner to be removed. He then had a conference with the captains of the three smaller vessels, and, as they had been all along retarded by the heavier sailing of his own ship, and the *Dort* commanded by Philip, he decided that they should part company, and proceed on as fast as they could to the Indies—sending on board of the two larger vessels all the provisions they could spare, as they already began to run short.

Philip had left the cabin with Krantz after the prisoner had been removed. He then wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper—“ Do not leave the beach when you are put on shore, until the vessels are out of sight ;” and, requesting Krantz to find an opportunity to deliver this to the



Commodore, he returned on board of his own ship.

When the crew of the *Dort* heard of the punishment about to be inflicted upon their old Commander they were much excited. They felt that he had sacrificed himself to save them, and they murmured much at the cruelty of the Admiral.

About an hour after Philip's return to his ship the prisoner was sent on shore and landed on the desolate and rocky coast, with a supply of provisions for two days. Not a single article of extra clothing, or the means of striking a light, was permitted him. When the boat's keel grazed the beach he was ordered out. The boat shoved off, and the men were not permitted even to bid him farewell.

The fleet, as Philip expected, remained hove-to, shifting the provisions, and it was not till after dark that everything was arranged. This opportunity was not lost. Philip was aware that it would be considered a breach of disci-

pline, but to that he was indifferent ; neither did he think it likely that it would come to the ears of the Admiral, as the crew of the *Dort* were partial both to the Commodore and to him. He had desired a seaman whom he could trust, to put into one of the boats a couple of muskets and a quantity of ammunition, several blankets, and various other articles, besides provisions for two or three months for one person, and, as soon as it was dark, the men pulled on shore with the boat, found the Commodore on the beach waiting for them, and supplied him with all these necessaries. They then rejoined their ship, without the Admiral's having the least suspicion of what had been done, and shortly after the fleet made sail on a wind, with their heads off shore. The next morning, the three smaller vessels parted company, and by sunset had gained many miles to windward, after which they were not again seen.

The Admiral had sent for Philip to give him his instructions, which were very severe, and

evidently framed so as to be able to afford him hereafter some excuse for depriving him of his command. Among others, his orders were, as the *Dort* drew much less water than the Admiral's ship, to sail ahead of him during the night, that, if they approached too near the land as they beat across the Channel, timely notice might be given to the Admiral, if in too shallow water. This responsibility was the occasion of Philip's being always on deck when they approached the land on either side of the Straits. It was the second night after the fleet had separated that Philip had been summoned on deck as they were nearing the land of Terra del Fuego; he was watching the man in the chains heaving the lead, when the officer of the watch reported to him that the Admiral's ship was ahead of them instead of astern. Philip made inquiry as to when he passed, but could not discover; he went forward, and saw the Admiral's ship with her poop-light, which, when the Admiral was astern, was not visible. "What can

be the Admiral's reason for this?" thought Philip; "has he run ahead on purpose to make a charge against me of neglect of duty? it must be so. Well, let him do as he pleases; he must wait now till we arrive in India, for I shall not allow him to *desert* me; and, with the company, I have as much, and I rather think, as a large proprietor, more interest than he has. Well, as he has thought proper to go ahead, I have nothing to do but to follow. 'You may come out of the chains there.'"

Philip went forward: they were now, as he imagined, very near to the land, but the night was dark and they could not distinguish it. For half an hour they continued their course, much to Philip's surprise, for he now thought he could make out the loom of the land, dark as it was. His eyes were constantly fixed upon the ship ahead, expecting every minute that she would go about; but no, she continued her course, and Philip followed with his own vessel.

"We are very close to the land, sir," ob-

served Vander Hagen, the lieutenant, who was the officer of the watch.

“ So it appears to me ; but the Admiral is closer, and draws much more water than we do,” replied Philip.

“ I think I see the rocks on the beam to leeward, sir.”

“ I believe you are right,” replied Philip ;  
“ I cannot understand this. Ready about, and get a gun ready—they must suppose us to be ahead of them, depend upon it.”

Hardly had Philip given the order, when the vessel struck heavily on the rocks. Philip hastened aft ; he found that the rudder had been unshipped, and the vessel was immoveably fixed. His thoughts then reverted to the Admiral. “ Was he on shore ?” He ran forward, and the Admiral was still sailing on with his poop-light, about two cables length ahead of him.

“ Fire the gun, there,” cried Philip, perplexed beyond measure.

The gun was fired, and immediately followed

up by the flash and report of another gun close astern of them. Philip looked with astonishment over the quarter, and perceived the Admiral's ship close astern to him, and evidently on shore as well as his own.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Philip, rushing forward, "what can this be? He beheld the other vessel, with her light ahead, still sailing on and leaving them. The day was now dawning, and there was sufficient light to make out the land. The Dort was on shore not fifty yards from the beach, and surrounded by the high and barren rocks; yet the vessel ahead was apparently sailing on over the land. The seamen crowded on the forecastle, watching this strange phenomenon; at last it vanished from their sight.

"That's the Flying Dutchman, by all that's holy!" cried one of the seamen, jumping off the gun.

Hardly had the man uttered these words when the vessel disappeared.

“ Philip felt convinced that it was so, and he walked away aft in a very perturbed state. It must have been his father’s fatal ship which had decoyed them to probable destruction. He hardly knew how to act. The Admiral’s wrath he did not wish, just at that moment, to encounter. He sent for the officer of the watch, and, having desired him to select a crew for the boat, out of those men who had been on deck, and could substantiate his assertions, ordered him to go on board of the Admiral, and state what had happened.

As soon as the boat had shoved off, Philip turned his attention to the state of his own vessel. The day-light had increased, and Philip perceived that they were surrounded by rocks, and had run on shore between two reefs, which extended half a mile from the main land. He sounded round his vessel, and discovered that she was fixed from forward to aft, and that, without lightening her, there was no chance of getting her off. He then turned to where the Admiral’s

ship lay aground, and found that, to all appearance, she was in even a worse plight, as the rocks to leeward of her were above the water, and she was much more exposed, should bad weather come on. Never, perhaps, was there a scene more cheerless and appalling: a dark wintry sea—a sky loaded with heavy clouds—the wind cold and piercing—the whole line of the coast one mass of barren rocks, without the slightest appearance of vegetation; the inland part of the country presented an equally sombre appearance, and the higher points were capped with snow, although it was not yet the winter season. Sweeping the coast with his eye, Philip perceived, not four miles to leeward of them, (so little progress had they made,) the spot where they had *deserted* the Commodore.

“Surely this has been a judgment on him for his cruelty,” thought Philip, “and the prophecy of poor Avenhorn will come true—more bones than his will bleach on those rocks.” Philip turned round again to where the Admiral’s ship was on



shore, and started back, as he beheld a sight even more dreadful than all that he had viewed—the body of Vander Hagen, the officer sent on board of the Admiral, hanging at the main-yard-arm. “My God! is it possible?” exclaimed Philip, stamping with sorrow and indignation.

His boat was returning on board, and Philip awaited it with impatience. The men hastened up the side, and breathlessly informed Philip that the Admiral, as soon as he had heard the Lieutenant’s report, and his acknowledgment that he was officer of the watch, had ordered him to be hung, and that he had sent them back with a summons for him to repair on board immediately, and that they had seen another rope preparing at the other yard-arm.

“But not for you, sir,” cried the men; “that shall never be—you shall not go on board—and we will defend you with our lives.”

The whole ship’s company joined in this resolution, and expressed their determination to resist the Admiral. Philip thanked them

kindly—stated his intention of not going on board, and requested that they would remain quiet, until it was ascertained what steps the Admiral might take. He then went down to his cabin, to reflect upon what plan he should proceed. As he looked out of the stern-windows, and perceived the body of the young man still swinging in the wind, he almost wished that he was in his place, for then there would be an end to his wayward fate: but he thought of Amine, and felt that, for her, he wished to live. That the Phantom Ship should have decoyed him to destruction was also a source of much painful feeling, and Philip meditated, with his hands pressed to his temples. “It is my destiny,” thought he, at last, “and the will of Heaven must be done: we could not have been so deceived if Heaven had not permitted it.” And then his thoughts reverted to his present situation.

That the Admiral had exceeded his powers in taking the life of the officer was undeniable, as, although his instructions gave him power of

life and death, still it was only to be decided by the sentence of the court-martial held by the captains commanding the vessels of the fleet; he therefore felt himself justified in resistance. But Philip was troubled with the idea that such resistance might lead to much bloodshed; and he was still debating how to act, when they reported to him that there was a boat coming from the Admiral's ship. Philip went upon deck to receive the officer, who stated that it was the Admiral's order that he should immediately come on board, and that he must consider himself now under arrest, and deliver up his sword."

"No! no!" exclaimed the ship's company of the *Dort*. "He shall not go on board. We will stand by our Captain to the last."

"Silence, men! silence!" cried Philip. "You must be aware, sir," said he to the officer, "that in the cruel punishment of that innocent young man, the Admiral has exceeded his powers: and, much as I regret to see any symp-

toms of mutiny and insubordination, it must be remembered that, if those in command disobey the orders they have received, by exceeding them, they not only set the example, but give an excuse for those who otherwise would be bound to obey them, to do the same. Tell the Admiral that his murder of that innocent man has determined ~~me~~ no longer to consider myself under his authority, and that I will hold myself, as well as him, answerable to the Company whom we serve, for our conduct. I do not intend to go on board and put myself in his power, that he might gratify his resentment by my ignominious death. It is a duty that I owe these men under my command to preserve my life, that I may, if possible, preserve theirs in this strait ; and you may also add, that a little reflection must point out to him that this is no time for us to war with, but to assist, each other with all our energies. We are here, shipwrecked on a barren coast, with provisions insufficient for any lengthened stay, no prospect of succour, and

little of escape. As the Commodore truly prophesied, many more are likely to perish as well as him—and even the Admiral himself may be of the number. I shall wait his answer; if he choose to lay aside all animosity, and refer our conduct to a higher tribunal, I am willing to join with him in rendering that assistance to each other which our situation requires—if not, you must perceive, and of course will tell him, that I have those with me who will defend me against any attempt at force. You have my answer, sir, and may return on board.”

The officer went to the gangway, but found that none of his crew, except the bowman, were in the boat; they had gone up to gain from the men of the *Dort* the true history of what they had but imperfectly heard; and, before they were summoned to return, had received full intelligence. They coincided with the seamen of the *Dort*, that the appearance of the Phantom Ship, which had occasioned their present disaster, was a judgment upon the Admiral,

for his conduct in having so cruelly *deserted* the poor Commodore.

Upon the return of the officer with Philip's answer, the rage of the Admiral was beyond all bounds. He ordered the guns aft, which would bear upon the Dort, to be double-shotted, and fired into her; but Krantz pointed out to him that they could not bring more guns to bear upon the Dort, in their present situation, than the Dort could bring to bear upon them—that their superior force was thus neutralized, and that no advantage could result from taking such a step. The Admiral immediately put Krantz under arrest, and proceeded to put into execution his insane intentions. In this he was, however, prevented by the seamen of the Lion, who neither wished to fire upon their consort, or to be fired at in return. The report of the boat's crew had been circulated through the ship, and the men felt too much ill-will against the Admiral, and perceived at the same time the extreme difficulty of their situation, to wish to

make it worse. They did not proceed to open mutiny, but they went down below, and, when the officers ordered them up, they refused to go on deck ; and the officers, who were equally disgusted with the Admiral's conduct, merely informed him of the state of the ship's company, without naming individuals, so as to excite his resentment against any one in particular. Such was the state of affairs when the sun went down. Nothing had been done on board the Admiral's ship, for Krantz was under arrest, and the Admiral had retired in a state of fury to his cabin.

In the mean time Philip and the ship's company had not been idle—they had laid an anchor out astern, and hove taut: they had started all the water, and were pumping it out, when a boat pulled alongside, and Krantz made his appearance on deck.

“ Captain Vanderdecken, I have come to put myself under your orders, if you will receive me—if not, render me your protection ; for, as

sure as fate, I should have been hanged to-morrow morning, if I had remained in my own ship. The men in the boat have come with the same intention—that of joining you, if you will permit them.”

Although Philip would have wished it had been otherwise, he could not well refuse to receive Krantz, under the circumstances of the case. He was very partial to him, and to save his life, which certainly was in danger, he would have done much more. He desired that the boat's crew should return; but, when Krantz had stated to him what had occurred on board the *Lion*, and the crew earnestly begged him not to send them back to almost certain death, which their having effected the escape of Krantz would have assured, Philip reluctantly allowed them to remain.

The night was tempestuous, but the wind being now off shore, the water was not rough. The crew of the *Dort*, under the directions of Philip and Krantz, succeeded in lightening-



ing the vessel so much during the night, that the next morning they were able to haul her off, and found that her bottom had received no serious injury. It was fortunate for them that they had not discontinued their exertions, for the wind shifted a few hours before sunrise, and by the time that they had shipped their rudder, it came on to blow fresh down the Straits, the wind being accompanied with a heavy swell.

The Admiral's ship still lay aground, and apparently no exertions were used to get her off. Philip was much puzzled how to act: leave the crew of the *Lion* he could not; nor indeed could he refuse, or did he wish to refuse, the Admiral, if he proposed coming on board; but he now made up his mind that it should only be as a passenger, and that he would himself retain the command. At present he contented himself with dropping his anchor outside, clear of the reef, where he was sheltered by a bluff cape, under which the water was smooth, about a mile distant from where the

Admiral's ship lay on shore ; and he employed his crew in replenishing his water-casks from a rivulet close to where the ship was anchored. He waited to see if the other vessel got off, being convinced that if she did not some communication must soon take place. As soon as the water was complete, he sent one of his boats to the place where the Commodore had been landed, having resolved to take him on board, if they could find him ; but the boat returned without having seen anything of him, although the men had clambered over the hills to a considerable distance.

On the second morning after Philip had hauled his vessel off, they observed that the boats of the Admiral's ship were passing and repassing from the shore, landing her stores and provisions ; and the next day, from the tents pitched on shore, it was evident that she was abandoned, although the boats were still employed in taking articles out of her. That night it blew fresh, and the sea was heavy ;

the next morning her masts were gone, and she turned on her broadside: she was evidently a wreck, and Philip now consulted with Krantz how to act. To leave the crew of the *Lion* on shore was impossible: they must all perish when the winter set in upon such a desolate coast. On the whole, it was considered advisable that the first communication should come from the other party, and Philip resolved to remain quietly at anchor.

It was very plain that there was no longer any subordination among the crew of the *Lion*, who were to be seen, in the day-time, climbing over the rocks in every direction, and at night, when their large fires were lighted, carousing and drinking. This waste of provisions was a subject of much vexation to Philip. He had not more than sufficient for his own crew, and he took it for granted that, so soon as what they had taken on shore should be expended, the crew of the *Lion* would ask to be received on board of the *Dort*.

For more than a week did affairs continue in this state, when, one morning, a boat was seen pulling towards the ship, and, in the stern sheets Philip recognised the officer who had been sent on board to put him under arrest. When the officer came on deck, he took off his hat to Philip.

“You do, then, acknowledge me as in command,” observed Philip.

“Yes, sir, most certainly; you were second in command, but now you are first—for the Admiral is dead.”

“Dead!” exclaimed Philip; “and how?”

“He was found dead on the beach, under a high cliff, and the body of the Commodore was in his arms; indeed, they were both grappled together. It is supposed that, in his walk up to the top of the hill, which he used to take every day, to see if any vessels might be in the Straits, he fell in with the Commodore—that they had come to contention, and had both fallen over the precipice together. No one saw

the meeting, but they must have fallen over the rocks, as the bodies are dreadfully mangled."

On inquiry, Philip ascertained that all chance of saving the *Lion* had been lost after the second night, when she had beat in her larboard streak, and six feet water in the hold—that the crew had been very insubordinate, and had consumed almost all the spirits—and that not only all the sick had already perished, but also many others who had either fallen over the rocks, when they were intoxicated, or had been found dead in the morning, from their exposure during the night.

"Then the poor Commodore's prophecy has been fulfilled!" observed Philip to Krantz. "Many others, and even the Admiral himself, have perished with him—peace be with them! And now let us get away from this horrible place as soon as possible."

Philip then gave orders to the officer to collect his men, and the provisions that remained, for immediate embarkation. Krantz followed soon after with all the boats, and before night

everything was on board. The bodies of the Admiral and Commodore were buried where they lay, and the next morning the Dort was under weigh, and, with a slanting wind, was laying a fair course through the Straits.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It appeared as if their misfortunes were to cease, after the tragical death of the two commanders. In a few days, the *Dort* had passed through the Straits of Magellan, and was sailing in the Pacific Ocean, with a blue sky and quiet sea. The ship's company recovered their health and spirits, and the vessel being now well manned, the duty was carried on with cheerfulness.

In about a fortnight, they had gained well up on the Spanish coast, but although they had seen many of the inhabitants on the beach, they had not fallen in with any vessels belonging to the Spaniards. Aware that if he met with a Spanish ship of superior force it would attack him, Philip had made every preparation, and

had trained his men to the guns. He had now, with the joint crews of the vessels, a well-manned ship, and the anticipation of prize-money had made his men very eager to fall in with some Spaniard, which they knew that Philip would capture if he could. Light winds and calms detained them for a month on the coast, when Philip determined upon running for the Isle St. Marie, where, though he knew it was in possession of the Spaniards, he yet hoped to be able to procure refreshments for the ship's company, either by fair means or by force. The Dort was, by their reckoning, about thirty miles from the island, and having run in until after dark, they had hove to till the next morning. Krantz was on deck; he leant over the side, and as the sails flapped to the masts, he attempted to define the line of the horizon. It was very dark, but as he watched, he thought that he perceived a light for a moment, and which then disappeared. Fixing his eyes on the spot, he soon made out a vessel, hove to, and not two cables' length dis-



tant. He hastened down to apprise Philip, and procure a glass. By the time Philip was on deck, the vessel had been distinctly made out to be a three-masted zebecque, very low in the water. After a short consultation, it was agreed that the boats on the quarter should be lowered down, and manned and armed without noise, and that they should steal gently alongside and surprise her. The men were called up, silence enjoined, and in a few minutes the boat's crew had possession of the vessel; having boarded her and secured the hatches before the alarm could be given by the few who were on deck. More men were then taken on board by Krantz, who, as agreed upon, lay to under the lee of the *Dort* until the daylight made its appearance. The hatches were then taken off, and the prisoners sent on board of the *Dort*. There were sixty people on board, a large number for a vessel of that description.

On being interrogated, two of the prisoners, who were well dressed, and gentlemanlike per-

sons, stepped forward and stated that the vessel was from St. Mary's, bound to Lima, with a cargo of flour and passengers; that the crew and captain consisted of twenty-five men, and all the rest who were on board, had taken that opportunity of going to Lima. That they themselves were among the passengers, and trusted that the vessel and cargo would be immediately released, as the two nations were not at war.

“Not at war at home, I grant,” replied Philip, “but in these seas, the constant aggressions of your armed ships compel me to retaliate, and I shall therefore make a prize of your vessel and cargo. At the same time, as I have no wish to molest private individuals, I will land all the passengers and crew at St. Mary's, to which place I am bound in order to obtain refreshments, which now I shall expect will be given cheerfully as your ransom, so as to relieve me from resorting to force.” The prisoners protested strongly against this, but without avail. They then

requested leave to ransom the vessel and cargo, offering a larger sum than they both appeared to be worth ; but Philip, being short of provisions, refused to part with the cargo, and the Spaniards appeared much disappointed at the unsuccessful issue of their request. Finding that nothing would induce him to part with the provisions, they then begged hard to ransom the vessel ; and to this, after a consultation with Krantz, Philip gave his assent. The two vessels then made sail, and steered on for the island, then about four leagues distant. Although Philip had not wished to retain the vessel, yet, as they stood in together, her superior speed became so manifest, that he almost repented that he had agreed to ransom her.

At noon, the *Dort* was anchored in the roads, out of gunshot, and a portion of the passengers allowed to go on shore and make arrangements for the ransom of the remainder, while the prize was hauled alongside, and her cargo hoisted into the ship. Towards evening, three

large boats with live stock and vegetables, and the sum agreed upon for the ransom of the zebecque, came alongside; and, as soon as one of the boats was cleared, the prisoners were permitted to go on shore in it, with the exception of the Spanish pilot, who, at the suggestion of Krantz, was retained, with a promise of being released directly the Dort was clear of the Spanish seas. A negro slave was also, at his own request, allowed to remain on board, much to the annoyance of the two passengers before mentioned, who claimed the man as their property, and insisted that it was an infraction of the agreement which had been entered into. "You prove my right by your own words," replied Philip, "I agreed to deliver up all the passengers, but no *property*; the slave will remain on board."

Finding their endeavours ineffectual, the Spaniards took a haughty leave. The Dort remained at anchor that night to examine her rigging, and the next morning they discovered

that the zebecque had disappeared, having sailed unperceived by them during the night.

As soon as the anchor was up and sail made on the ship, Philip went down to his cabin with Krantz, to consult as to their best course. They were followed by the negro slave, who, shutting the door and looking watchfully round, said that he wished to speak with them. His information was most important, but given rather too late. The vessel which had been ransomed, was a government advice-boat, the fastest sailer the Spaniards possessed. The pretended two passengers, were officers of the Spanish navy, and the others were the crew of the vessel. She had been sent down to collect the bullion and take it to Lima, and at the same time to watch for the arrival of the Dutch fleet, intelligence of whose sailing had been some time before received overland. When the Dutch fleet made its appearance, she was to return to Lima with the news, and a Spanish force would be detached against it. They further learnt that some

of the supposed casks of flour contained 2,000 gold doubloons each, others bars of silver; this precaution having been taken in case of capture. That the vessel had now sailed for Lima there was no doubt. The reason why the Spaniards were so anxious not to leave the negro on board of the *Dort*, was, that they knew that he would disclose what he now had done. As for the pilot, he was a man whom the Spaniards knew they could trust, and for that reason they had better be careful of him, or he would lead the *Dort* into some difficulty.

Philip now repented that he had ransomed the vessel, as he would, in all probability, have to meet and cope with a superior force, before he could make his way clear out of these seas; but there was no help for it. He consulted with Krantz, and it was agreed that they should send for the ship's company and make them acquainted with these facts; arguing that a knowledge of the valuable capture which they had made would induce the men to fight well,

and stimulate them with the hopes of further success. The ship's company heard the intelligence with delight, professed themselves ready to meet double their force, and then, by the directions of Philip, the casks were brought up on the quarter-deck, opened, and the bullion taken out. The whole, when collected, amounted to about half a million of dollars, as near as they could estimate it, and a distribution of the coined money was made from the capstern the very next day ; the bars of metal being reserved until they could be sold, and their value ascertained.

For six weeks Philip worked his vessel up the coast, without falling in with any vessel under sail. Notice had been given by the advice-boat, as it appeared, and every craft, large and small, was at anchor under the batteries. They had nearly run up the whole coast, and Philip had determined that the next day he would stretch across to Batavia, when a ship was seen in-shore under a press of sail, running towards Lima.—Chase was immediately given, but the water

shoaled, and the pilot was asked if they could stand on. He replied in the affirmative, stating that they were now in the shallowest water, and that it was deeper within. The leadsman was ordered into the chains, but at the first heave the lead-line broke; another was sent for, and the *Dort* still carried on under a heavy press of sail. Just then, the negro slave went up to Philip, and told him that he had seen the pilot with his knife in the chains, and that he thought he must have cut the lead-line so far through, as to occasion its being carried away, and told Philip not to trust him. The helm was immediately put down; but as the ship went round she touched on the bank, dragged, and was again clear.—“Scoundrel!” cried Philip. “So you cut the lead-line? The negro saw you, and has saved us.”

The Spaniard leaped down from off the gun, and, before he could be prevented, had buried his knife in the heart of the negro. “*Mal-detto!* take that for your pains,” cried he in a fury, grinding his teeth and flourishing his knife.



The negro fell dead. The pilot was seized and disarmed by the crew of the *Dort*, who were partial to the negro, as it was from his information that they had become rich.

“Let them do with him as they please,” said Krantz to Philip.

“Yes,” replied Philip, “summary justice.”

The crew debated a few minutes, and then lashed the pilot to the negro, and carried him off to the taffrail. There was a heavy plunge, and he disappeared under the eddying waters in the wake of the vessel.

Philip now determined to shape his course for Batavia. He was within a few days’ sail of Lima, and had every reason to believe that vessels had been sent out to intercept him. With a favourable wind he now stood away from the coast, and for three days made a rapid passage. On the fourth, at daylight, two vessels appeared to windward, bearing down upon him. That they were large armed vessels was evident; and the display of Spanish ensigns and pennants,

as they rounded to, about a mile to windward, soon shewed that they were enemies. They proved to be a frigate of a larger size than the *Dort*, and a corvette of twenty-two guns.

The crew of the *Dort* showed no alarm at this disparity of force; they chinked their doubloons in their pockets; vowed not to return them to their lawful owners, if they could help it; and flew with alacrity to their guns. The Dutch ensign was displayed in defiance, and the two Spanish vessels, again putting their heads towards the *Dort*, that they might lessen their distance, received some raking shot, which somewhat discomposed them; but they rounded to at a cable's length, and commenced the action with great spirit—the frigate lying on the beam, and the corvette on the bow of Philip's vessel. After half an hour's determined exchange of broadsides, the fore-mast of the Spanish frigate fell, carrying away with it the main-top-mast; and this accident impeded her firing. The *Dort* immediately made sail, stood on to the corvette,

which she crippled with three or four broadsides, then tacked, and fetched alongside of the frigate, whose lee-guns were still impeded with the wreck of the foremast. The two vessels now laid head and stern, within ten feet of each other, and the action recommenced, to the disadvantage of the Spaniard. In a quarter of an hour, the canvass, hanging overside, caught fire from the discharge of the guns, and very soon communicated to the ship, the Dort still pouring in a most destructive broadside, which could not be effectually returned. After every attempt to extinguish the flames, the captain of the Spanish vessel resolved that both vessels should share the same fate. He put his helm up, and, running her on to the Dort, grappled with her, and attempted to secure the two vessels together. Then raged the conflict; the Spaniards attempting to pass their grappling-chains so as to prevent the escape of her enemy, and the Dutch endeavouring to frustrate their attempt. The chains and sides of both vessels

were crowded with men fighting desperately; those struck down falling between the two vessels, which the wreck of the foremast still prevented from coming into actual collision. During this conflict, Philip and Krantz were not idle. By squaring the after-yards, and putting all sail on forward, they contrived that the *Dort* should pay off before the wind with her antagonist, and by this manœuvre they cleared themselves of the smoke which so incommoded them; and, having good way on the two vessels, they then rounded to so as to get on the other tack, and bring the *Spaniard* to leeward. This gave them a manifest advantage, and soon terminated the conflict. The smoke and flames were beat back on the Spanish vessel — the fire which had communicated to the *Dort* was extinguished — the *Spaniards* were no longer able to prosecute their endeavours to fasten the two vessels together, and retreated to within the bulwarks of their own vessel; and, after great exertions, the *Dort* was disengaged,

and forged ahead of her opponent, who was soon enveloped in a sheet of flame. The corvette remained a few cables' length to windward, occasionally firing a gun. Philip poured in a broadside, and she hauled down her colours. The action might now be considered at an end, and the object was to save the crew of the burning frigate. The boats of the *Dort* were hoisted out, but only two of them would swim. One of them was immediately despatched to the corvette, with orders for her to send all her boats to the assistance of the frigate, which was done, and the major part of the surviving crew were saved. For two hours the guns of the frigate, as they were heated by the flames, discharged themselves; and then, the fire having communicated to the magazine, she blew up, and the remainder of her hull sank slowly and disappeared. Among the prisoners, in the uniform of the Spanish service, Philip perceived the two pretended passengers, this proving the correctness of the negro's statement. The two men-of-war had been sent out of Lima on

purpose to intercept him, anticipating, with such a preponderating force, an easy victory. After some consultation with Krantz, Philip agreed that, as the corvette was in such a crippled state, and the nations were not actually at war, it would be advisable to release her with all the prisoners. This was done, and the *Dort* again made sail for Batavia, and anchored in the roads three weeks after the combat had taken place. He found the remainder of the fleet, which had been despatched before them, and had arrived there some weeks, had taken in their cargoes, and were ready to sail for Holland. Philip wrote his despatches, in which he communicated to the Directors the vents of the voyage; and then went on shore, to reside at the house of the merchant who had formerly received him, until the *Dort* could be freighted for her voyage home.

## CHAPTER XX.

WE must return to Amine, who is seated on the mossy bank where she and Philip conversed when they were interrupted by Schriften, the pilot. She is in deep thought, with her eyes cast down, as if trying to recal the past. "Alas ! for my mother's power," exclaimed she ; " but it is gone—gone for ever ! This torment and suspense I cannot bear—those foolish priests too !" And Amine rose from the bank and walked towards her cottage.

Father Mathias had not returned to Lisbon. At first, he had not found an opportunity, and afterwards, his debt of gratitude towards Philip induced him to remain by Amine, who appeared each day to hold more in aversion the tenets of the Christian faith. Many and many were the

consultations with Father Seysen, many were the exhortations of both the good old men to Amine, who, at times, would listen without reply, and at others argue boldly against them. It appeared to them that she rejected their religion with an obstinacy as unpardonable as it was incomprehensible. But to her the case was more simple ; she refused to believe, she said, that which she could not understand. She went so far as to acknowledge the beauty of the principles, the purity of the doctrine ; but when the good priests would enter into the articles of their faith, Amine would either shake her head or attempt to turn the conversation. This only increased the anxiety of the good Father Mathias to convert and save the soul of one so young and beautiful ; and he now no longer thought of returning to Lisbon, but devoted his whole time to the instruction of Amine, who, wearied by his incessant importunities, almost loathed his presence.

Upon reflection, it will not appear surprising



that Amine rejected a creed so dissonant to her wishes and intentions. The human mind is of that proud nature, that it requires all its humility to be called into action before it will bow, even to the Deity.

Amine knew that her mother had possessed superior knowledge, and an intimacy with unearthly intelligences. She had seen her practise her art with success, although so young at the time that she could not now recal to mind the mystic preparations by which her mother had succeeded in her wishes; and it was now that her thoughts were wholly bent upon recovering what she had forgotten, that Father Mathias was exhorting her to a creed which positively forbade even the attempt. The peculiar and awful mission of her husband strengthened her opinion in the lawfulness of calling in the aid of supernatural agencies; and the arguments brought forward by these worthy, but not over-talented, professors of the Christian creed, had but little effect upon a mind so strong and so decided as that of

Amine—a mind which, bent as it was upon one object, rejected with scorn tenets, in proof of which they could offer no visible manifestation, and which would have bound her blindly to believe what appeared to her contrary to common sense. That her mother's art could bring evidence of *its* truth she had already shown, and satisfied herself in the effect of the dream which she had proved upon Philip;—but what proof could they bring forward?—Records—*which they would not permit her to read!*

“ Oh ! that I had my mother's art,” repeated Amine once more, as she entered the cottage ; “ then would I know where my Philip was at this moment. Oh ! for the black mirror in which I used to peer at her command, and tell her what passed in array before me. How well do I remember that time—the time of my father's absence, when I looked into the liquid on the palm of my hand, and told her of the Bedouin camp—of the skirmish—the horse without a rider—and the turban on the sand !” And again Amine

fell into deep thought. "Yes," cried she, after a time, "thou canst assist me, mother! Give me in a dream thy knowledge; thy daughter begs it as a boon. Let me think again. The word—what was the word? what was the name of the spirit—Turshoon? Yes, methinks it was Turshoon. Mother! mother! help your daughter."

"Dost thou call upon the Blessed Virgin, my child?" said Father Mathias, who had entered the room as she pronounced the last words. "If so, thou dost well, for she may appear to thee in thy dreams, and strengthen thee in the true faith."

"I called upon my own mother, who is in the land of spirits, good father," replied Amine.

"Yes; but, as an infidel; not, I fear, in the land of the blessed spirits, my child."

"She hardly will be punished for following the creed of her fathers, living where she did, where no other creed was known?" replied Amine, indignantly. "If the good on earth are

blessed in the next world—if she had, as you assert she had, a soul to be saved—an immortal spirit—He who made that spirit will not destroy it because she worshipped as her fathers did.—Her life was good : why should she be punished for ignorance of that creed which she never had an opportunity of rejecting ?”

“ Who shall dispute the will of Heaven, my child ? Be thankful that you are permitted to be instructed, and to be received into the bosom of the holy church.”

“ I am thankful for many things, father ; but I am weary, and must wish you a good night.”

Amine retired to her room—but not to sleep. Once more did she attempt the ceremonies used by her mother, changing them each time, as doubtful of her success. Again the censer was lighted—the charms essayed ; again the room was filled with smoke as she threw in the various herbs which she had knowledge of, for all the papers thrown aside at her father’s death had been carefully collected, and on many were

directions found as to the use of those herbs.

“The word! the word! I have the first—the second word! Help me, mother!” cried Amine, as she sat by the side of the bed, in the room which was now so full of smoke that nothing could be distinguished. “It is of no use,” thought she at last, letting her hands fall at her side; “I have forgotten the art. Mother! mother! help me in my dreams this night.”

The smoke gradually cleared away, and, when Amine lifted up her eyes, she perceived a figure standing before her. At first she thought she had been successful in her charm; but, as the figure became more distinct, she perceived that it was Father Mathias, who was looking at her with a severe frown and contracted brow, his arms folded before him.

“Unholy child! what dost thou?”

Amine had roused the suspicions of the priests, not only by her conversation, but by several attempts which she had before made to recover her lost art; and on one occasion in

which she had defended it, both Father Mathias and Father Seysen had poured out the bitterest anathemas upon her, or any one who had resort to such practices. The smell of the fragrant herbs thrown into the censer, and the smoke, which afterwards had escaped through the door and descended the stairs, had awakened the suspicions of Father Mathias, and he had crept up silently and entered the room without her perceiving it. Amine at once perceived her danger. Had she been single, she would have dared the priest ; but, for Philip's sake, she determined to mislead him.

“ I do no wrong, father,” replied she calmly ; “ but it appears to me not seemly that you should enter the chamber of a young woman during her husband's absence. I might have been in my bed. It is a strange intrusion.”

“ Thou canst not mean this, woman ! My age—my profession—are a sufficient warranty,” replied Father Mathias, somewhat confused at this unexpected attack.

“Not always, father, if what I have been told of monks and priests be true,” replied Amine. “I ask again, why comest thou here into an unprotected woman’s chamber !”

“Because I felt convinced that she was practising unholy arts ”

“Unholy arts !—what mean you ? Is the leech’s skill unholy ? Is it unholy to administer relief to those who suffer ?—to charm the fever and the ague which rack the limbs of those who live in this unwholesome climate ?”

“All charms are most unholy.”

“When I said charms, father, I meant not what you mean ; I simply would have said a remedy. If a knowledge of certain powerful herbs, which properly combined will form a specific to ease the suffering wretch—an art well known unto my mother, and which I now would fain recal—if that knowledge, or a wish to regain that knowledge, be unholy, then are you correct.”

“I heard thee call upon thy mother for her help.”

“ I did, for she well knew the ingredients ; but I, I fear, have not the knowledge that she had. Is that sinful, good father ? ”

“ ’Tis, then, a remedy that you would find ? ” replied the priest ; “ I thought that thou didst practise that which is most unlawful. ”

“ Can the burning of a few weeds be then unlawful ? What did you expect to find ? Look you, father, at these ashes—they may, with oil, be rubbed into the pores and give relief—but can they do more ? What do you expect from them—a ghost ?—a spirit ?—like that the prophet raised for the King of Israel ? ” And Amine laughed aloud.

“ I am perplexed, but not convinced, ” replied the priest.

“ I, too, am perplexed and not convinced, ” responded Amine, scornfully. “ I cannot satisfy myself that a man of your discretion could really suppose that there was mischief in burning weeds ; nor am I convinced that such was the occasion of your visit at this hour of the night to a lone woman’s chamber. There may be



natural charms more powerful than those you call supernatural. I pray you, father, leave this chamber. It is not seemly. Should you again presume, you leave the house. I thought better of you. In future, I will not be left at any time alone."

This attack of Amine's upon the reputation of the old priest was too severe. Father Mathias immediately quitted the room, saying, as he went out, "May God forgive you for your false suspicions and great injustice! I came here for the cause I have stated, and no more."

"Yes!" soliloquized Amine, as the door closed, "I know you did; but I must rid myself of your unwelcome company. I will have no spy upon my actions—no meddler to thwart me in my will. In your zeal, you have committed yourself, and I will take the advantage you have given me. Is not the privacy of a woman's chamber to be held sacred by you sacred men? In return for assistance in distress—for food and shelter—you would become a spy. How grateful, and how worthy of the creed which you pro-

fess !” Amine opened her door as soon as she had removed the censer, and summoned one of the women of the house to stay that night in her room, stating that the priest had entered her chamber, and she did not like the intrusion.

“Holy father ! is it possible ?” replied the woman.

Amine made no reply, but went to bed ; but Father Mathias heard all that passed as he paced the room below. The next day he called upon Father Seysen, and communicated to him what had occurred, and the false suspicions of Amine.

“You have acted hastily,” replied Father Seysen, “to visit a woman’s chamber at such an hour of the night.”

“I had my suspicions, good Father Seysen.”

“And she will have hers. She is young and beautiful.”

“Now, by the blessed Virgin”—

“I absolve you, good Mathias,” replied Father Seysen ; “but still, if known, it would occasion much scandal to our church.”

And known it soon was ; for the woman who

had been summoned by Amine did not fail to mention the circumstance ; and Father Mathias found himself everywhere so coldly received, and, besides, so ill at each other himself, that he very soon afterwards quitted the country, and returned to Lisbon ; angry with himself for his imprudence, but still more angry with Amine for her unjust suspicions.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE cargo of the *Dort* was soon ready, and Philip sailed and arrived at Amsterdam without any further adventure. That he reached his cottage, and was received with delight by Amine, need hardly be said. She had been expecting him; for the two ships of the squadron, which had sailed on his arrival at Batavia, and which had charge of his despatches, had, of course, carried letters to her from Philip, the first letters she had ever received from him during his voyages. Six weeks after the letter Philip himself made his appearance, and Amine was happy. The Directors were, of course, highly satisfied with Philip's conduct, and he was appointed to the command of a large armed ship, which was to proceed to India in the spring, and one-third

of which, according to agreement, was purchased by Philip out of the funds which he had in the hands of the Company. He had now five months of quiet and repose to pass away, previous to his once more trusting to the elements; and this time, as it was agreed, he had to make arrangements on board for the reception of Amine.

Amine narrated to Philip what had occurred between her and the priest Mathias, and by what means she had rid herself of his unwished-for surveillance.

“And were you practising your mother’s arts, Amine?”

“Nay, not practising them, for I could not recal them, but I was trying to recover them.”

“Why so, Amine? this must not be. It is, as the good father said, ‘unholy.’ Promise me you will abandon them, now and for ever.”

“If that act be unholy, Philip, so is your mission. You would deal and co-operate with the spirits of another world—I would do no

more. Abandon your terrific mission — abandon your seeking after disembodied spirits — stay at home with your Amine, and she will cheerfully comply with your request.”

“ Mine is an awful summons from the Most High.”

“ Then the Most High permits your communion with those who are not of this world ? ”

“ He does ; you know even the priests do not gainsay it, although they shudder at the very thought.”

“ If then He permits to one, He will to another ; nay, aught that I can do is but with His permission.”

“ Yes, Amine, so does He permit evil to stalk on the earth, but He countenances it not.”

“ He countenances your seeking after your doomed father, your attempts to meet him ; nay, more, He commands it. If you are thus permitted, why may not I be ? I am your wife, a portion of yourself ; and when I am left over

a desolate hearth, while you pursue your course of danger, may not I appeal also to the immaterial world to give me that intelligence which will sooth my sorrow, lighten my burden, and which, at the same time, can hurt no living creature? Did I attempt to practise these arts for evil purposes, it were just to deny them me, and wrong to continue them; but I would but follow in the steps of my husband, and seek as he seeks, with a good intent."

"But it is contrary to our faith."

"Have the priests declared your mission contrary to their faith? or, if they have, have they not been convinced to the contrary, and been awed to silence? But why argue, my dear Philip? Shall I not now be with you? and while with you I will attempt no more. You have my promise; but if separated, I will not say, but I shall then require of the invisible a knowledge of my husband's motions, when in search of the invisible also."

The winter passed rapidly away, for it was

passed by Philip in quiet and happiness; the spring came on, the vessel was to be fitted out, and Philip and Amine repaired to Amsterdam.

The Utrecht was the name of the vessel to which he had been appointed, a ship of 400 tons, newly launched, and pierced for twenty-four guns. Two more months passed away, during which Philip superintended the fitting and loading of the vessel, assisted by his favourite Krantz, who served in her as first-mate. Every convenience and comfort that Philip could think of was prepared for Amine; and in the month of May he started, with orders to stop at Gambroon and Ceylon, run down the Straits of Sumatra, and from thence to force his way into the China seas, the Company having every reason to expect from the Portuguese the most determined opposition to the attempt. His ship's company was numerous, and he had a small detachment of soldiers on board to assist the supercargo, who carried



out many thousand dollars to make purchases at ports in China, where their goods might not be appreciated. Every care had been taken in the equipment of the vessel, which was perhaps the finest, the best manned, and freighted with the most valuable cargo, which had ever been sent out by the India Company.

The Utrecht sailed with a flowing sheet, and was soon clear of the English Channel; the voyage promised to be auspicious, favouring gales bore them without accident to within a few hundred miles of the Cape of Good Hope, when, for the first time, they were becalmed. Amine was delighted : in the evenings she would pace the deck with Philip; then all was silent, except the splash of the wave as it washed against the side of the vessel—all was in repose and beauty, as the bright southern constellations sparkled over their heads.

“ Whose destinies can be in these stars, which appear not to those who inhabit the northern regions ? ” said Amine, as she cast her eyes above

and watched them in their brightness; "and what does that falling meteor portend? what causes its rapid descent from heaven?"

"Do you then put faith in stars, Amine?"

"In Araby we do, and why not? They were not spread over the sky to give light—for what then?"

"To beautify the world. They have their uses, too."

"Then you agree with me—they have their uses, and the destinies of men are there concealed. My mother was one of those who could read them well. Alas! for me they are a sealed book."

"Is it not better so, Amine?"

"Better!—say better to grovel on this earth with our selfish, humbled race, wandering in mystery, and awe, and doubt, when we can communicate with the intelligences above! Does not the soul leap at her admission to confer with superior powers? Does not the proud heart bound at the feeling that its owner is one

of those more gifted than the usual race of mortals? Is it not a noble ambition?"

"A dangerous one—most dangerous."

"And therefore most noble. They seem as if they would speak to me: look at yon bright star—it beckons to me."

For some time, Amine's eyes were raised aloft; she spoke not, and Philip remained at her side. She walked to the gangway of the vessel and looked down upon the placid wave, pierced by the moonbeams far below the surface.

"And does your imagination, Amine, conjure up a race of beings gifted to live beneath that deep blue wave, who sport amidst the coral rocks, and braid their hair with pearls?" said Philip, smiling.

"I know not, but it appears to me that it would be sweet to live there. You may call to mind your dream, Philip; I was then, according to your description, one of those same beings."

"You were," replied Philip, thoughtfully.

"And yet I feel as if water would reject me,

even if the vessel were to sink. In what manner this mortal frame of mine may be resolved into its elements, I know not ; but this I do feel, that it never will become the sport of, or be tossed by, the mocking waves. But come in, Philip, dearest ; it is late, and the decks are wet with dew."

When the day dawned the look-out man at the mast head reported that he perceived something floating on the still surface of the water, on the beam of the vessel. Krantz went up with his glass to examine, and made it out to be a small boat, probably cut adrift from some vessel. As there was no appearance of wind, Philip permitted a boat to be sent to examine it; and after a long pull, the seamen returned on board, towing the small boat astern.

"There is a body of a man in it, sir," said the second mate to Krantz, as he gained the gangway ; "but whether he is quite dead, or not, I cannot tell."

Krantz reported this to Philip, who was, at

that time, sitting at breakfast with Amine in the cabin, and then proceeded to the gangway, to where the body of the man had been already handed up by the seamen. The surgeon, who had been summoned, declared that life was not yet extinct, and was ordering him to be taken below for recovery, when, to their astonishment, the man turned as he lay, sat up, and ultimately rose upon his feet and staggered to a gun, when, after a time, he appeared to be fully recovered. In reply to questions put to him, he said that he was in a vessel which had been upset in a squall, that he had time to cut away the small boat astern, and that all the rest of the crew had perished. He had hardly made this answer, when Philip with Amine came out of the cabin, and walked up to where the seamen were crowded round the man ; the seamen retreated so as to make an opening, when Philip and Amine, to their astonishment and horror, recognised their old acquaintance, one-eyed pilot Schriften.

“He ! he ! Captain Vanderdecken, I believe—glad to see you in command, and you too, fair lady.”

Philip turned away with a chill at his heart ; Amine’s eye flashed as she surveyed the wasted form of the wretched creature. After a few seconds, she turned round and followed Philip into the cabin, where she found him with his face buried in his hands.

“Courage, Philip, courage !” said Amine ; “it was indeed a heavy shock, and I fear me forbodes evil—but what then ; it is our destiny.”

“It is—it ought perhaps to be mine,” replied Philip, raising his head ; “but you, Amine, why should you be a partner—”

“I am your partner, Philip, in life and in death. I would not die first, Philip, because it would grieve you ; but your death will be the signal for mine, and I will join you quickly.”

“Surely, Amine, you would not hasten your own ?”

“ Yes ! and require but one moment for this little steel to do its duty.”

“ Nay ! Amine, that is not lawful—our religion forbids it.”

“ It may do so, but I cannot tell why. I came into this world without my own consent—surely I may leave it without asking the leave of priests ! But let that pass for the present : what will you do with that Schriften ?”

“ Put him on shore at the Cape ; I cannot bear the odious wretch’s presence. Did you not feel the chill, as before, when you approached him ?”

“ I did—I knew that he was there before I saw him ; but still, I know not why, I feel as if I would not send him away.”

“ Why not ?”

“ I believe it is because I am inclined to brave destiny, not to quail at it. The wretch can do no harm.”

“ Yes, he can—much : he can render the ship’s company mutinous and disaffected ;—

besides, he attempted to deprive me of my relic."

"I almost wish he had done so ; then must you have discontinued this wild search."

"Nay, Amine, say not so ; it is my duty, and I have taken my solemn oath—"

"But this Schriften—you cannot well put him ashore at the Cape ; being a Company's officer, you might send him home if you found a ship there homeward-bound ; still, were I you, I would let destiny work. He is woven in with ours, that is certain. Courage, Philip, and let him remain."

"Perhaps you are right, Amine ; I may retard, but cannot escape, whatever may be my intended fate."

"Let him remain, then, and let him do his worst. Treat him with kindness—who knows what we may gain from him ?"

"True, true, Amine ; he has been my enemy without cause. Who can tell ?—perhaps he may become my friend."



“And if not, you will have done your duty. Send for him now.”

“No, not now—to-morrow; in the mean time, I will order him every comfort.”

“We are talking as if he were one of us, which I feel that he is not,” replied Amine; “but still, mundane or not, we cannot but offer mundane kindness, and what this world, or rather what this ship affords. I long now to talk with him, to see if I can produce any effect upon his ice-like frame. Shall I make love to the ghoul?” and Amine burst into a bitter laugh.

Here the conversation dropped, but its substance was not disregarded. The next morning, the surgeon having reported that Schriften was apparently quite recovered, he was summoned into the cabin. His frame was wasted away to a skeleton, but his motions and his language were as sharp and petulant as ever.

“I have sent for you, Schriften, to know if there is anything that I can do to make you

more comfortable. Is there any thing that you want ?”

“ Want ?” replied Schriften, eyeing first Philip and then Amine.—“ He ! he ! I think I want filling out a little.”

“ That you will, I trust, in good time ; my steward has my orders to take care of you.”

“ Poor man,” said Amine, with a look of pity, “ how much he must have suffered ! Is not this the man who brought you the letter from the company, Philip ?”

“ He ! he ! yes ! Not very welcome, was it, lady ?”

“ No, my good fellow, it’s never a welcome message to a wife, that sends her husband away from her. But that was not your fault.”

“ If a husband will go to sea and leave a handsome wife, when he has, as they say, plenty of money to live upon on shore, he ! he !”

“ Yes, indeed, you may well say that,” replied Amine.

“ Better give it up. All folly, all madness—  
eh, captain ?”

“ I must finish this voyage, at all events,”  
replied Philip to Amine, “ whatever I may do  
afterwards. I have suffered much, and so have  
you, Schriften. You have been twice wrecked ;  
now tell me what do you wish to do ? Go home  
in the first ship, or go ashore at the Cape—  
or—”

“ Or do anything, so I get out of this ship—  
he ! he !”

“ Not so. If you prefer sailing with me, as  
I know you are a good seaman, you shall have  
your rating and pay of pilot—that is, if you  
choose to follow my fortunes.”

“ Follow ?—Must follow. Yes ! I’ll sail with  
you, Mynheer Vanderdecken, I wish to be always  
near you—he ! he !”

“ Be it so, then : as soon as you are strong  
again, you will go to your duty ; till then, I will  
see that you want for nothing.”

“ Nor I, my good fellow. Come to me if you

do, and I will be your help," said Amine. "You have suffered much, but we will do what we can to make you forget it."

"Very good! very kind!" replied Schriften, surveying the lovely face and figure of Amine. After a time, shrugging up his shoulders, he added—"A pity! Yes it is!—Must be, though."

"Farewell," continued Amine, holding out her hand to Schriften.

The man took it, and a cold shudder went to her heart; but she, expecting such a result, would not appear to feel it. Schriften held her hand for a second or two in his own, looking at it earnestly, and then at Amine's face.—"So fair, so good! Mynheer Vanderdecken, I thank you. Lady, may Heaven preserve you!"—Then, squeezing the hand of Amine which he had not released, Schriften hastened out of the cabin.

So great was the sudden icy shock which passed through Amine's frame when Schriften pressed her hand, that when with difficulty she gained the sofa she fell upon it. After remaining

with her hand pressed against her heart for some time, during which Philip bent over her, she said in a breathless voice, "That creature must be supernatural, I am sure of it; I am now convinced.—Well," continued she, after a pause of some little while, "all the better, if we can make him a friend; and if I can I will."

"But think you, Amine, that those who are not of this world have feelings of kindness, gratitude, and ill-will, as we have? Can they be made subservient?"

"Most surely so. If they have ill-will, as we know they have, they must also be endowed with the better feelings. Why are there good and evil intelligences? They may have disencumbered themselves of their mortal clay, but the soul must be the same. A soul without feeling were no soul at all. The soul is active in this world and must be so in the next. If angels can pity, they must feel like us. If demons can vex, they must feel like us. Our feelings change, then

why not theirs? Without feelings, there were no heaven, no hell. Here our souls are confined, cribbed, and overladen, borne down by the heavy flesh by which they are, for the time, polluted; but the soul that has winged its flight from clay is, I think, not one jot more pure, more bright, or more perfect than those within ourselves. Can they be made subservient, say you! Yes! they can; they can be forced, when mortals possess the means and power. The evil-inclined may be forced to good, as well as to evil. It is not the good and perfect spirits that we subject by art, but those that are inclined to wrong. It is over them that mortals have the power. Our arts have no power over the perfect spirits, but over those which are ever working evil, and which are bound to obey and do good, if those who master them require it."

"You still resort to forbidden arts, Amine. Is that right?"

"Right! If we have power given to us, it is right to use it."

“Yes, most certainly, for good—but not for evil.”

“Mortals in power, possessing nothing but what is mundane, are answerable for the use of that power; so those gifted by superior means, are answerable as they employ those means. Does the God above make a flower to grow, intending that it should not be gathered? No! neither does he allow supernatural aid to be given, if he did not intend that mortals should avail themselves of it.”

As Amine’s eyes beamed upon Philip’s, he could not for the moment subdue the idea rising in his mind, that she was not like other mortals, and he calmly observed, “Am I sure, Amine, that I am wedded to one mortal as myself?”

“Yes! yes! Philip, compose yourself, I am but mortal; would to Heaven I were not. Would to Heaven I were one of those who could hover over you, watch you in all your perils, save and protect you in this your mad career; but I am

but a poor weak woman, whose heart beats fondly, devotedly for you—who, for you, would dare all and every thing—who, changed in her nature, has become courageous and daring from her love; and who rejects all creeds which would prevent her from calling upon heaven, or earth, or hell, to assist her in retaining with her her soul's existence?"

"Nay! nay! Amine, say not you reject the creed. Does not this,"—and Philip pulled from his bosom the holy relic, "does not this, and the message sent by it, prove our creed is true?"

"I have thought much of it, Philip. At first it startled me almost into a belief, but even your own priests helped to undeceive me. They would not answer you; they would have left you to guide yourself; the message and the holy word, and the wonderful signs given were not in unison with their creed, and they halted. May I not halt, if they did? The relic may be as mystic, as powerful as you describe; but the agencies may be false and wicked, the power



given to it may have fallen into wrong hands—the power remains the same, but it is applied to uses not intended.”

“The power, Amine, can only be exercised by those who are friends to Him who died upon it.”

“Then is it no power at all; or if a power, not half so great as that of the arch-fiend; for his can work for good and evil both. But on this point, dear Philip, we do not well agree, nor can we convince each other. You have been taught in one way, I another. That which our childhood has imbibed, which has grown up with our growth, and strengthened with our years, is not to be eradicated. I have seen my mother work great charms, and succeed. You have knelt to priests: I blame not you!—blame not then your Amine. We both mean well—I trust, do well.”

“If a life of innocence and purity were all that were required, my Amine would be sure of future bliss.”

“I think it is; and thinking so, it is my creed.

There are many creeds : who shall say which is the true one ? And what matters it ? they all have the same end in view—a future Heaven.”

“ True, Amine, true,” replied Philip, pacing the cabin thoughtfully ; “ and yet our priests say otherwise.”

“ What is the basis of their creed, Philip ?”

“ Charity, and good-will.”

“ Does charity condemn to eternal misery those who have never heard this creed, who have lived and died worshipping the Great Being after their best endeavours, and little knowledge ?”

“ No, surely.”

Amine made no further observations ; and Philip, after pacing for a few minutes in deep thought, walked out of the cabin.

The Utrecht arrived at the Cape, watered, and proceeded on her voyage and, after two months of difficult navigation, cast anchor off Gambroon. During this time, Amine had been unceasing in her attempts to gain the good-will of

Schriften. She had often conversed with him on deck, and had done him every kindness, and had overcome that fear which his near approach had generally occasioned. Schriften gradually appeared mindful of this kindness, and at last to be pleased with Amine's company. To Philip he was at times civil and courteous, but not always; but to Amine he was always deferent. His language was mystical, she could not prevent his chuckling laugh, his occasional "He! he!" from breaking forth. But when they anchored at Gambroon, he was on such terms with her, that he would occasionally come into the cabin; and, although he would not sit down, would talk to Amine for a few minutes, and then depart. While the vessel lay at anchor at Gambroon, Schriften one evening walked up to Amine, who was sitting on the poop. "Lady," said he, after a pause, "yon ship sails for your own country in a few days."

"So I am told," replied Amine.

"Will you take the advice of one who wishes

you well? Return in that vessel, go back to your own cottage, and stay there till your husband comes to you once more."

"Why is this advice given?"

"Because I forbode danger, nay, perhaps death, a cruel death, to one I would not harm."

"To me!" replied Amine, fixing her eyes upon Schriften, and meeting his piercing gaze.

"Yes, to you. Some people can see into futurity farther than others."

"Not if they are mortal," replied Amine.

"Yes, if they are mortal. But mortal or not, I do see that which I would avert. Tempt not destiny farther."

"Who can avert it? If I take your counsel, still was it my destiny to take your counsel. If I take it not, still it was my destiny."

"Well, then, avoid what threatens you."

"I fear not, yet do I thank you. Tell me, Schriften, hast thou not thy fate someway interwoven with that of my husband? I feel that thou hast."

“Why think you so, lady?”

“For many reasons: twice you have summoned him, twice have you been wrecked, and miraculously reappeared and recovered. You know, too, of his mission, that is evident.”

“But proves nothing.”

“Yes! it proves much; for it proves that you knew what was supposed to be known but to him alone.”

“It was known to you, and holy men debated on it,” replied Schriften with a sneer.

“How knew you that, again?”

“He! he!” replied Schriften; “forgive me, lady, I meant not to affront you.”

“You cannot deny that you are connected mysteriously and incomprehensibly with this mission of my husband’s. Tell me, is it as he believes, true and holy?”

“If he thinks that it is true and holy, it becomes so.”

“Why then do you appear his enemy?”

“I am not *his* enemy, fair lady.”

"You are not his enemy—why then did you once attempt to deprive him of the mystic relic by which the mission is to be accomplished?"

"I would prevent his further search, for reasons which must not be told. Does that prove that I am his enemy? Would it not be better that he should remain on shore with competence and you, than be crossing the wild seas on this mad search? Without the relic it is not to be accomplished. It were a kindness, then, to take it from him."

Amine answered not, for she was lost in thought.

"Lady," continued Schriften, after a time; "I wish you well. For your husband I care not, yet do I wish him no harm. Now hear me; if you wish for your future life to be one of ease and peace—if you wish to remain long in this world with the husband of your choice—of your first and warmest love—if you wish that he should die in his bed at a good old age, and that you should close his eyes with children's tears

lamenting, and their smiles reserved to cheer their mother—all this I see and can promise is in futurity, if you will take that relic from his bosom and give it up to me. But if you would that he should suffer more than man has ever suffered, pass his whole life in doubt, anxiety, and pain, until the deep wave receive his corpse, then let him keep it—If you would that your own days be shortened, and yet those remaining be long in human sufferings, if you would be separated from him and die a cruel death, then let him keep it. I can read futurity, and such must be the destiny of both. Lady, consider well, I must leave you now. To-morrow I will have your answer.”

Schriften walked away and left Amine to her own reflections. For a long while she repeated to herself the conversation and denunciations of the man, whom she was now convinced was not of this world, and was in some way or another deeply connected with her husband's fate. “To me he wishes well, no harm to my husband, and would

prevent his search. Why would he?—that he will not tell. He has tempted me, tempted me most strangely. How easy 'twere to take the relic whilst Philip sleeps upon my bosom—but how treacherous ! And yet a life of competence and ease, a smiling family, a good old age ; what offers to a fond and doting wife ! And if not, toil, anxiety, and a watery grave ; and for me ! Pshaw ! that's nothing. And yet to die separated from Philip, is that nothing ? Oh, no, the thought is dreadful.—I do believe him. Yes, he has foretold the future, and told it truly. Could I persuade Philip ? No ! I know him well ; he has vowed, and is not to be changed. And yet, if the relic were taken without his knowledge, he would not have to blame himself. Who then would he blame ? Could I deceive him ? I, the wife of his bosom tell a lie. No ! no ! it must not be. Come what will, it is our destiny, and I am resigned. I would that Schriften had not spoken. Alas ! we search into futurity, and then would fain retrace our steps, and wish we had remad in ignorance.”



“What makes you so pensive, Amine?” said Philip, who some time afterwards walked up to where she was seated.

Amine replied not at first. “Shall I tell him all?” thought she. “It is my only chance—I will.” Amine repeated the conversation between her and Schriften. Philip made no reply; he sat down by Amine and took her hand. Amine dropped her head upon her husband’s shoulder. “What think you, Amine?” said Philip, after a time.

“I could not steal your relic, Philip; perhaps you’ll give it to me.”

“And my father, Amine, my poor father—his dreadful doom to be eternal! He who appealed, was permitted to appeal to his son, that that dreadful doom might be averted. Does not the conversation of this man prove to you that my mission is not false? Does not his knowledge of it strengthen all? Yet, why would he prevent it?” continued Philip, musing.

“Why, I cannot tell, Philip, but I would

fain prevent it. I feel that he has power to read the future, and has read aright."

"Be it so; he has spoken, but not plainly. He has promised me what I have long been prepared for—what I vowed to Heaven to suffer. Already have I suffered much, and am prepared to suffer more. I have long looked upon this world as a pilgrimage, and (selected as I have been,) trust that my reward will be in the other. But, Amine, you are not bound by oath to Heaven, you have made no compact. He advised you to go home. He talked of a cruel death. Follow his advice and avoid it."

"I am not bound by oath, Philip; but hear me; as I hope for future bliss, I now bind myself"—

"Hold, Amine!"

"Nay, Philip, you cannot prevent me; for if you do now, I will repeat it when you are absent. A cruel death were a charity to me, for I shall not see you suffer. Then may I never expect future bliss, may eternal misery be my por-

tion, if I leave you as long as fate permits us to be together. I am your's—your wife; my fortunes, my present, my future, my all are embarked with you, and destiny may do its worst, for Amine will not quail. I have no recreant heart to turn aside from danger or from suffering. In that one point, Philip, at least, you chose, you wedded well."

Philip raised her hand to his lips in silence, and the conversation was not resumed. The next evening, Schriften came up again to Amine. "Well, lady?" said he.

"Schriften, it cannot be," replied Amine; "yet do I thank you much."

"Lady, if he must follow up his mission, why should you?"

"Schriften, I am his wife—his for ever, in this world, and the next. You cannot blame me."

"No," replied Schriften, "I do not blame, I admire you. I feel sorry. But, after all, what is death? Nothing. He! he!" and Schriften hastened away, and left Amine to herself.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE Utrecht sailed from Gambroon, touched at Ceylon, and proceeded on her voyage in the Eastern Seas. Schriften still remained on board, but since his last conversation with Amine he had kept aloof, and appeared to avoid both her and Philip; still there was not, as before, any attempt to make the ship's company disaffected, nor did he indulge in his usual taunts and sneers. The communication he had made to Amine had also its effect upon her and Philip; they were more pensive and thoughtful; each attempted to conceal their gloom from the other; and when they embraced, it was with the mournful feeling that perhaps it was an indulgence they would soon be deprived of: at the same time, they steeled their hearts to en-

duration and prepared to meet the worst. Krantz wondered at the change, but of course could not account for it. The Utrecht was not far from the Andaman Isles, when Krantz, who had watched the barometer, came in early one morning and called Philip.

“We have every prospect of a tiphoon, sir,” said Krantz; “the glass and the weather are both threatening.”

“Then we must make all snug. Send down top-gallant yards and small sails directly. We will strike top-gallant masts. I will be out in a minute.”

Philip hastened on deck. The sea was smooth, but already the moaning of the wind gave notice of the approaching storm. The vacuum in the air was about to be filled up, and the convulsion would be terrible; a white haze gathered fast, thicker and thicker; the men were turned up, every thing of weight was sent below, and the guns were secured. Now came a blast of wind which careened the ship, passed

over, and in a minute she righted as before ; then another and another, fiercer and fiercer still. The sea, although smooth, at last appeared white as a sheet with foam, as the tiphoon swept along in its impetuous career ; it burst upon the vessel, which bowed down to her gunnel and there remained ; in a quarter of an hour the hurricane had passed over, and the vessel was relieved ; but the sea had risen, and the wind was strong. In another hour the blast again came, more wild, more furious than the first, the waves were dashed into their faces, torrents of rain descended, the ship was thrown on her beam ends, and thus remained till the wild blast had passed away, to sweep destruction far beyond them, leaving behind it a tumultuous angry sea.

“It is nearly over I believe, sir,” said Krantz. “It is clearing up a little to windward.”

“We have had the worst of it, I believe,” said Philip.

"No! there is worse to come," said a low voice near to Philip. It was Schriften who spoke.

"A vessel to windward scudding before the gale," cried Krantz.

Philip looked to windward, and in the spot where the horizon was clearest, he saw a vessel under topsails and foresail, standing right down. "She is a large vessel; bring me my glass." The telescope was brought from the cabin, but before Philip could use it, a haze had again gathered up to windward, and the vessel was not to be seen.

"Thick again," observed Philip, as he shut in his telescope; "we must look out for that vessel, that she does not run too close to us."

"She has seen us, no doubt, sir," said Krantz.

After a few minutes the typhoon again raged, and the atmosphere was of a murky gloom. It seemed as if some heavy fog had been hurled along by the furious wind; nothing was to be distinguished except the white foam of the sea,

and that not the distance of half a cable's length, where it was lost in one dark gray mist. The storm-staysail yielding to the force of the wind, was rent into strips, and flogged and cracked with a noise even louder than the gale. The furious blast again blew over, and the mist cleared up a little.

“Ship on the weather beam close aboard of us,” cried one of the men.

Krantz and Philip sprung upon the gunwale, and beheld the large ship bearing right down upon them, not three cables' length distant.

“Helm up ! she does not see us, and she will be aboard of us !” cried Philip. “Helm up, I say, hard up, quick !”

The helm was put up, as the men, perceiving their imminent danger, climbed upon the guns to look if the vessel altered her course ; but no—down she came, and the head-sails of the Utrecht having been carried away, to their horror they perceived that she would not answer her helm and pay off as they required.



“Ship, ahoy!” roared Philip through his trumpet—but the gale drove the sound back.

“Ship, ahoy!” cried Krantz on the gunwale, waving his hat. It was useless—down she came, with the waters foaming under her bows, and was now within pistol-shot of the Utrecht.

“Ship, ahoy!” roared all the sailors, with a shout that must have been heard: it was not attended to: down came the vessel upon them, and now her cutwater was within ten yards of the Utrecht. The men of the Utrecht, who expected that their vessel would be severed in half by the concussion, climbed upon the weather gunwale, all ready to catch at the ropes of the other vessel and climb on board of her. Amine who had been surprised at the noise on deck, had come out and had taken Philip by the arm.

“Trust to me—the shock”—said Philip. He said no more; the cutwater of the stranger touched their sides; one general cry was raised by the sailors of the Utrecht, they sprang to catch at the rigging of the other vessel’s bow-

sprit which was now pointed between their masts—they caught at nothing—nothing—there was no shock—no concussion of the two vessels—the stranger appeared to cleave through them—her hull passed along in silence—no cracking of timbers—no falling of masts—the foreyard passed through their mainsail, yet the canvass was unrent—the whole vessel appeared to cut through the Utrecht, yet left no trace of injury—not fast, but slowly, as if she were really sawing through her by the heaving and tossing of the sea with her sharp prow. The stranger's forechains had passed their gunwale before Philip could recover himself. "Amine," cried he, at last, "the Phantom Ship!—my father!"

The seamen of the Utrecht, more astounded by the marvellous result than by their former danger, threw themselves down upon deck; some hastened below, some prayed, others were dumb with astonishment and fear. Amine appeared more calm than any, not excepting

Philip; she surveyed the vessel as it slowly forced its way through; she beheld the seamen on board of her coolly leaning over her gunnel, as if deriding the destruction they had occasioned; she looked for Vanderdecken himself, and on the poop of the vessel, with his trumpet under his arm, she beheld the image of her Philip—the same hardy, strong build—the same features—about the same age apparently—there could be no doubt it was the *doomed* Vanderdecken !

“See, Philip,” said she, “see!—your father !”

“Even so—Merciful Heaven ! It is—it is”—and Philip, overpowered by his feelings, sank upon deck.

The vessel had now passed over the Utrecht; the form of the elder Vanderdecken was seen to walk aft and look over the taffrail; Amine perceived it to start and turn away suddenly—she looked down, and saw Schriften shaking his fist in defiance at the supernatural being ! Again the Phantom Ship flew to leeward before the

gale, and was soon lost in the mist ; but before that, Amine had turned and perceived the situation of Philip. No one but herself and Schriften appeared able to act or move. She caught the pilot's eye, beckoned to him, and with his assistance Philip was led into the cabin.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“I HAVE then seen him,” said Philip, after he had lain down on the sofa in the cabin for some minutes to recover himself, while Amine bent over him. “I have at last seen him, Amine! Can you doubt now?”

“No, Philip, I have now no doubt,” replied Amine, mournfully; “but take courage, Philip.”

“For myself, I want not courage—but for you, Amine—you know that his appearance portends a mischief that will surely come.”

“Let it come,” replied Amine calmly; “I have long been prepared for it, and so have you.”

“Yes, for myself; but not for you.”

“You have been wrecked often, and have been saved—then why should not I?”

“ But the sufferings ! ”

“ Those suffer least who have most courage to bear up against them. I am but a woman, weak and frail in body, but I trust I have that within me which will not make you feel ashamed of Amine. No, Philip, you will have no wailing, no expression of despair from Amine’s lips ; if she can console you, she will ; if she can assist you, she will ; but, come what may, if she cannot serve you, at least, she will prove no burden to you.”

“ Your presence in misfortune would un-nerve me, Amine.”

“ It shall not ; it shall add to your resolution. Let fate do its worst.”

“ Depend upon it, Amine, that will be ere long.”

“ Be it so,” replied Amine ; “ but, Philip, it were as well you showed yourself on deck—the men are frightened, and your absence will be observed.”

“ You are right,” said Philip ; and rising and embracing her, he left the cabin.

“It is but too true, then,” thought Amine. “Now to prepare for disaster and death—the warning has come. I would I could know more. Oh! mother, mother, look down upon thy child, and in a dream reveal the mystic arts which I have forgotten, then should I know more; but I have promised Philip, that unless separated—yes, that idea is worse than death, and I have a sad foreboding; my courage fails me only when I think of that!”

Philip, on his return to the deck, found the crew of the vessel in great consternation. Krantz himself appeared bewildered—he had not forgotten the appearance of the Phantom Ship off Desolation harbour, and the vessels following her to their destruction. This second appearance, more awful than the former, quite unmanned him; and when Philip came out of the cabin, he was leaning in gloomy silence against the weather bulkhead.

“We shall never reach port again, sir,” said he to Philip, as he came up to him.

“Silence, silence; the men may hear you.”

“It matters not—they think the same,” replied Krantz.

“But they are wrong,” replied Philip, turning to the seamen. “My lads! that some disaster may happen to us, after the appearance of this vessel, is most probable; I have seen her before more than once, and disasters did then happen; but here I am alive and well, therefore it does not prove that we cannot escape as I have before done. We must do our best, and trust in Heaven. The gale is breaking fast, and in a few hours we shall have fine weather. I have met this Phantom Ship before, and care not how often I meet it again. Mr. Krantz, get up the spirits—the men have had hard work, and must be fatigued.”

The very prospect of obtaining liquor, appeared to give courage to the men; they hastened to obey the order, and the quantity served out was sufficient to give courage to the most fearful, and induce others to defy old Vanderdecken and



his whole crew of imps. The next morning the weather was fine, the sea smooth, and the Utrecht went gaily on her voyage.

Many days of gentle breezes and favouring winds gradually wore off the panic occasioned by the supernatural appearance, and if not forgotten, it was referred to either in jest or with indifference. They now had run through the Straits of Malacca, and entered the Polynesian Archipelago. Philip's orders were to refresh and call for instructions at the small island of Boton, then in possession of the Dutch. They arrived there in safety, and after remaining two days, again sailed on their voyage, intending to make their passage between the Celebes and the island of Galago. The weather was still clear and the wind light: they proceeded cautiously, on account of the reefs and currents, and with a careful watch for the piratical vessels, which have for centuries infested those seas; but they were not molested, and had gained well up among the islands to the north of Galago, when

it fell calm, and the vessel was borne to the eastward of it by the current. The calm lasted several days, and they could procure no anchorage; at last they found themselves among the cluster of islands near to the northern coast of New Guinea.

The anchor was dropped, and the sails furled for the night; a drizzling small rain came on, the weather was thick, and watches were stationed in every part of the ship, that they might not be surprised by the pirate proas, for the current ran past the ship, at the rate of eight or nine miles per hour, and these vessels, if hid among the islands, might sweep down upon them unperceived.

It was twelve o'clock at night when Philip, who was in bed, was awakened by a shock; he thought it might be a proa running along-side, and he started from his bed and ran out. He found Krantz, who had been awakened by the same cause, running up undressed — another shock succeeded, and the ship careened to

port. Philip then knew that the ship was on shore.

The thickness of the night prevented them from ascertaining where they were, but the lead was thrown over the side, and they found that they were lying on shore on a sandbank, with not more than fourteen feet water on the deepest side, and that they were broadside on, with a strong current pressing them further up on the bank ; indeed the current ran like a mill-race, and each minute they were swept into shallower water.

On examination they found that the ship had dragged her anchor, which, with the cable, was still taught from the starboard bow, but this did not appear to prevent the vessel from being swept further up on the bank. It was supposed that the anchor had parted at the shank, and another anchor was let go.

Nothing more could be done till daybreak, and impatiently did they wait till the next morning. As the sun rose, the mist cleared away,

and they discovered that they were on shore on a sandbank, a small portion of which was above water, and round which the current ran with great impetuosity. About three miles from them was a cluster of small islands with cocoa-trees growing on them, but with no appearance of inhabitants.

“ I fear we have little chance,” observed Krantz to Philip. “ If we lighten the vessel the anchor may not hold, and we shall be swept further on, and it is impossible to lay out an anchor against the force of this current.”

“ At all events we must try ; but I grant that our situation is any thing but satisfactory. Send all the hands aft.”

The men came aft, gloomy and dispirited.

“ My lads !” said Philip, “ why are you disheartened ?”

“ We are doomed, sir ; we knew it would be so.”

“ I thought it probable that the ship would be lost—I told you so ; but the loss of the ship

does not involve that of the ship's company—nay, it does not follow that the ship is to be lost, although she may be in great difficulty, as she is at present. What fear is there for us, my men?—the water is smooth—we have plenty of time before us—we can make a raft and take to our boats—it never blows among these islands, and we have land close under our lee. Let us first try what we can do with the ship; if we fail, we must then take care of ourselves.”

The men caught at the idea and went to work willingly; the water casks were started, the pumps set going, and every thing that could be spared was thrown over to lighten the ship; but the anchor still dragged from the strength of the current and bad holding-ground; and Philip and Krantz perceived that they were swept further on the bank.

Night came on before they quitted their toil, and then a fresh breeze sprung up and created a swell, which occasioned the vessel to beat on the hard sand; thus did they continue until the

next morning. At daylight the men resumed their labours, and the pumps were again manned to clear the vessel of the water which had been started, but after a time they pumped up sand. This told them that a plank had started, and that their labours were useless; the men left their work, but Philip again encouraged them, and pointed out that they could easily save themselves, and all that they had to do was to construct a raft, which would hold provisions for them, and receive that portion of the crew who could not be taken into the boats.

After some repose the men again set to work; the topsails were struck, the yards lowered down, and the raft was commenced under the lee of the vessel, where the strong current was checked. Philip, recollecting his former disaster, took great pains in the construction of this raft, and aware that as the water and provisions were expended there would be no occasion to tow so heavy a mass, he constructed it in two parts, which might easily be severed, and thus the

boats would have less to tow, as soon as circumstances would enable them to part with one of them.

Night again terminated their labours, and the men retired to rest, the weather continuing fine, with very little wind. By noon the next day the raft was complete; water and provisions were safely stowed on board; a secure and dry place was fitted up for Amine in the centre of one portion; spare ropes, sails, and everything which could prove useful, in case of their being forced on shore, were put in. Muskets and ammunition were also provided, and everything was ready, when the men came aft and pointed out to Philip that there was plenty of money on board, which it was folly to leave, and that they wished to carry as much as they could away with them. As this intimation was given in a way that made it evident they intended that it should be complied with, Philip did not refuse; but resolved, in his own mind, that when they arrived at a place where he could exercise his authority, the

money should be reclaimed for the Company to whom it belonged. The men went down below, and while Philip was making arrangements with Amine, handed the casks of dollars out of the hold, broke them open and helped themselves—quarrelling with each other for the first possession, as each cask was opened. At last every man had obtained as much as he could carry, and had placed his spoil on the raft with his baggage, or in the boat to which he had been appointed. All was now ready—Amine was lowered down, and took her station—the boats took in tow the raft, which was cast off from the vessel, and away they went with the current, pulling with all their strength, to avoid being stranded upon that part of the sandbank which appeared above water. This was the great danger which they had to encounter, and which they very narrowly escaped.

They numbered eighty-six souls in all: in the boats there were thirty-two; the rest were on the raft, which being well-built and full of



timber, floated high out of the water, now that the sea was so smooth. It had been agreed upon by Philip and Krantz, that one of them should remain on the raft and the other in one of the boats; but, at the time the raft quitted the ship, they were both on the raft, as they wished to consult, as soon as they discovered the direction of the current, which would be the most advisable course for them to pursue. It appeared that as soon as the current had passed the bank, it took a more southerly direction towards New Guinea. It was then debated between them whether they should or should not land on that island, the natives of which were known to be pusillanimous, yet treacherous. A long debate ensued, which ended, however, in their resolving not to decide as yet, but wait and see what might occur. In the mean time, the boats pulled to the westward, while the current set them fast down in a southerly direction.

Night came on, and the boats dropped the grapnels, with which they had been provided ;

and Philip was glad to find that the current was not near so strong, and the grapnels held both boats and raft. Covering themselves up with the spare sails with which they had provided themselves, and setting a watch, the tired seamen were soon fast asleep.

“Had I not better remain in one of the boats?” observed Krantz. “Suppose, to save themselves, the boats were to leave the raft.”

“I have thought of that,” replied Philip, “and have, therefore, not allowed any provisions or water in the boats; they will not leave us for that reason.”

“True, I had forgotten that.”

Krantz remained on watch, and Philip retired to the repose which he so much needed. Amine met him with open arms.

“I have no fear, Philip,” said she, “I rather like this wild adventurous change. We will go on shore and build our hut beneath the cocoa-trees, and I shall repine when the day comes which brings succour, and releases us from our desert isle. What do I require but you?”

“We are in the hands of One above, dear, who will act with us as he pleases. We have to be thankful that it is no worse,” replied Philip. “But now to rest, for I shall soon be obliged to watch.”

The morning dawned, with a smooth sea and a bright blue sky; the raft had been borne to leeward of the cluster of uninhabited islands of which we spoke, and was now without hopes of reaching them; but to the westward were to be seen on the horizon the refracted heads and trunks of cocoa-nut trees, and in that direction it was resolved that they should tow the raft. The breakfast had been served out, and the men had taken to the oars, when they discovered a proa, full of men, sweeping after them from one of the islands to windward. That it was a pirate vessel there could be no doubt; but Philip and Krantz considered that their force was more than sufficient to repel them, should an attack be made. This was pointed out to the men; arms were distributed to all in the boats, as well as to those

on the raft ; and that the seamen might not be fatigued, they were ordered to lie on their oars, and await the coming up of the vessel.

As soon as the pirate was within range, having reconnoitred her antagonists, she ceased pulling and commenced firing from a small piece of cannon, which was mounted on her bows. The grape and langridge which she poured upon them wounded several of the men, although Philip had ordered them to lie down flat on the raft and in the boats. The pirate advanced nearer, and her fire became more destructive, without any opportunity of returning it by the Utrecht's people. At last it was proposed, as the only chance of escape, that the boats should attack the pirate. This was agreed to by Philip—more men were sent in the boats—Krantz took the command—the raft was cast off, and the boats pulled away. But scarcely had they cleared the raft, when, as by one sudden thought, they turned round and pulled away in the opposite direction. Krantz's voice was heard by Philip,

and his sword was seen to flash through the air—a moment afterwards he plunged into the sea, and swam to the raft. It appeared that the people in the boats, anxious to preserve the money which they had possession of, had agreed among themselves to pull away and leave the raft to its fate. The proposal for attacking the pirate had been suggested with that view, and as soon as they were clear of the raft, they put their intentions into execution. In vain had Krantz expostulated and threatened; they would have taken his life; and when he found that his efforts were of no avail, he leaped from the boat. “Then are we lost, I fear,” said Philip. “Our numbers are so reduced, that we cannot hope to hold out long. What think you, Schriften?” ventured Philip, addressing the pilot who stood near to him.

“Lost—but not lost by the pirates—no harm there. He! he!”

The remark of Schriften was correct. The pirates, imagining that in taking to their boat, the people had carried with them everything

that was valuable, instead of firing at the raft, immediately gave chase to the boats. The sweeps were now out, and the proa flew over the smooth water like a sea-bird, passed the raft, and was at first evidently gaining on the boats; but their speed soon slackened, and as the day passed, the boats, and then the pirate vessel disappeared in the southward; the distance between them being apparently much the same as at the commencement of the chase.

The raft being now at the mercy of the winds and waves, Philip and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools which had been brought from the ship, and selecting two spars from the raft, they made every preparation for stepping a mast and setting sail by the next morning.

The morning dawned, and the first objects that met their view, were the boats pulling back towards the raft, followed closely by the pirate. The men had pulled the whole night, and were worn out with fatigue. It was presumed that a consultation had been held, in which it was

agreed that they should make a sweep, so as to return to the raft; as, if they gained it, they would be able to defend themselves, and moreover, obtain provisions and water, which they had not on board at the time of their desertion. But it was fated otherwise; gradually the men dropped from their oars, exhausted, into the bottom of the boat, and the pirate vessel followed them with renewed ardour. The boats were captured one by one; the booty found was more than the pirates anticipated, and it hardly need be said that not one man was spared. All this took place within three miles of the raft, and Philip anticipated that the next movement of the vessel would be towards them, but he was mistaken. Satisfied with their booty, and imagining that there could be no more on the raft, the pirate pulled away to the eastward, towards the islands from amongst which she had first made her appearance. Thus were those who expected to escape and who had deserted their companions, deservedly punished, whilst those who anticipated every disaster

from this desertion, discovered that it was the cause of their being saved.

The remaining people on board the raft amounted to about forty-five; Philip, Krantz, Schriften, Amine, the two mates, sixteen seamen, and twenty-four soldiers, who had been embarked at Amsterdam. Of provisions they had sufficient for three or four weeks, but of water they were very short, already not having sufficient for more than three days at the usual allowance. As soon as the mast had been stepped and rigged, and the sails set (although there was hardly a breath of wind), Philip explained to the men the necessity of reducing the quantity of water, and it was agreed that it should be served out so as to extend the supply to twelve days, the allowance being reduced to half a pint per day.

There was a debate at this time, as the raft was in two parts, whether it would not be better to cast off the smaller one and put all the people on board the other; but this proposal was over-



ruled, as in the first place, although the boats had deserted them, the number on the raft had not much diminished, and moreover, the raft would steer much better under sail, now that it had length, than it would do if they reduced its dimensions and altered its shape to a square mass of floating wood.

For three days it was a calm, the sun poured down his hot beams upon them, and the want of water was severely felt ; those who continued to drink spirits suffered the most.

On the fourth day the breeze sprung up favourably, and the sail was filled ; it was a relief to their burning brows and blistered backs ; and as the raft sailed on at the rate of four miles an hour, the men were gay and full of hope. The land below the cocoa-nut trees was now distinguishable, and they anticipated that the next day they could land and procure the water, which they now so craved for. All night they carried sail, but the next morning they discovered that the current was strong against

them, and that what they gained when the breeze was fresh, they lost from the adverse current as soon as it went down ; the breeze was always fresh in the morning, but it fell calm in the evening. Thus did they continue for four days more, every noon being not ten miles from the land, but the next morning swept away to a distance, and having their ground to retrace. Eight days had now passed, and the men, worn out with exposure to the burning sun, became discontented and mutinous. At one time they insisted that the raft should be divided, that they might gain the land with the other half ; at another, that the provisions which they could no longer eat should be thrown overboard to lighten the raft. The difficulty under which they lay, was the having no anchor or grapnel to the raft, the boats having carried away with them all that had been taken from the ship. Philip then proposed to the men, that, as every one of them had such a quantity of dollars, the money should be sewed up in canvass bags, each man's property separate ; and

that with this weight to the ropes they would probably be enabled to hold the raft against the current for one night, when they would be able the next day to gain the shore; but this was refused—they would not risk their money. No, no—fools! they would sooner part with their lives by the most miserable of all deaths. Again and again was this proposed to them by Philip and Krantz, but without success.

In the mean time, Amine had kept up her courage and her spirits; proving to Philip a valuable adviser and a comforter in his misfortunes. “Cheer up, Philip,” would she say; “we shall yet build our cottage under the shade of those cocoa-nut trees, and pass a portion, if not the remainder of our lives in peace; for who indeed is there who would think to find us in these desolate and untrodden regions?”

Schriften was quiet and well-behaved; talked much with Amine, but with nobody else. Indeed he appeared to have a stronger feeling in favour of Amine than he had ever shown before. He

watched over her and attended her ; and Amine would often look up after being silent, and perceive Schriften's face wear an air of pity and melancholy, which she had believed it impossible that he could have exhibited.

Another day passed ; again they neared the land, and again did the breeze die away, and they were swept back by the current. The men now rose, and in spite of the endeavours of Philip and Krantz, they rolled into the sea all the provisions and stores, every thing but one cask of spirits and the remaining stock of water ; they then sat down at the upper end of the raft with gloomy, threatening looks, and in close consultation.

Another night closed in : Philip was full of anxiety. Again he urged them to anchor with their money, but in vain ; they ordered him away, and he returned to the after part of the raft, upon which Amine's secure retreat had been erected ; he leant on it in deep thought and melancholy, for he imagined that Amine was asleep.

“What disturbs you, Philip?”

“What disturbs me? The avarice and folly of these men. They will die, rather than risk their hateful money. They have the means of saving themselves and us, and they will not. There is weight enough in bullion on the fore part of the raft to hold a dozen floating masses such as this, yet they will not risk it. Cursed love of gold! it makes men fools, madmen, villains. We have now but two days’ water—doled out as it is drop by drop. Look at their emaciated, broken down, wasted forms, and yet see how they cling to money, which probably they will never have occasion for, even if they gain the land. I am distracted!”

“You suffer, Philip, you suffer from privation; but I have been careful, I thought that this would come; I have saved both water and biscuit—I have here four bottles;—drink, Philip, and it will relieve you.”

Philip drank; it did relieve him, for the excitement of the day had pressed heavily on him.

“Thanks, Amine—thanks, dearest! I feel better now.—Good Heaven! are there such fools as to value the dross of metal above one drop of water in a time of suffering and privation such as this?”

The night closed in as before; the stars shone bright, but there was no moon. Philip had risen at midnight to relieve Krantz from the steerage of the raft. Usually the men had lain about in every part of the raft, but this night the majority of them remained forward. Philip was communing with his own bitter thoughts, when he heard a scuffle forward, and the voice of Krantz crying out to him for help. He quitted the helm, and seizing his cutlass ran forward, where he found Krantz down, and the men securing him. He fought his way to him, but was himself seized and disarmed. “Cut away—cut away,” was called out by those who held him; and, in a few seconds, Philip had the misery to behold the after part of the raft, with Amine upon it, drifted apart from the one on which he stood.

“For mercy’s sake ! my wife—my Amine—for Heaven’s sake save her !” cried Philip, struggling in vain to disengage himself. Amine also, who had run to the side of the raft held out her arms—it was in vain—they were separated more than a cable’s length. Philip made one more desperate struggle, and then fell down deprived of sense and motion.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

It was not until the day had dawned, that Philip opened his eyes, and discovered Krantz kneeling at his side ; at first his thoughts were scattered and confused ; he felt that some dreadful calamity had happened to him, but he could not recal to mind what it was. At last it rushed upon him, and he buried his face in his hands.

“ Take comfort,” said Krantz ; “ we shall probably gain the shore to-day, and we will go in search of her as soon as we can.”

“ This, then, is the separation and the cruel death to her which that wretch Schriften prophesied to us,” thought Philip ; “ cruel indeed to waste away to a skeleton, under a burning sun, without one drop of water left to cool her parched tongue ; at the mercy of the winds and waves ;



drifting about—alone—all alone—separated from her husband, in whose arms she would have died without regret ; maddened with suspense and with the thoughts of what I may be suffering, or what may have been my fate. Pilot, you are right ; there can be no more cruel death to a fond and doting wife. Oh ! my head reels. What has Philip Vanderdecken to live for now ?”

Krantz offered such consolation as his friendship could suggest, but in vain. He then talked of revenge, and Philip raised his head. After a few minutes’ thought, he rose up. “Yes,” replied he, “revenge !—revenge upon those dastards and traitors ! Tell me, Krantz, how many can we trust ?”

“Half of the men, I should think, at least. It was a surprise.” A spar had been fitted as a rudder, and the raft had now gained nearer the shore than it ever had done before. The men were in high spirits at the prospect, and every man was sitting on his own store of dollars, which, in their eyes, increased in value, in proportion as did their prospect of escape.

Philip discovered from Krantz, that it was the soldiers and the most indifferent seamen who had mutinied on the night before, and cut away the other raft ; and that all the best men had remained neuter.

“And so they will be now, I imagine,” continued Krantz ; “the prospect of gaining the shore has, in a manner, reconciled them to the treachery of their companions.”

“Probably,” replied Philip, with a bitter laugh ; “but I know what will rouse them. Send them here to me.”

Philip talked to the seamen, whom Krantz had sent over to him. He pointed out to them that the other men were traitors, not to be relied upon ; that they would sacrifice every thing and every body for their own gain ; that they had already done so for money, and that they themselves would have no security, either on the raft or on shore, with such people ; that they dare not sleep for fear of having their throats cut, and that it were better at once to get rid of those

who could not be true to each other ; that it would facilitate their escape, and that they could divide between themselves the money which the others had secured, and by which they would double their own shares. That it had been his intention, although he had said nothing, to enforce the restoration of the money for the benefit of the Company, as soon as they had gained a civilized port, where the authorities could interfere ; but that, if they consented to join and aid him, he would now give them the whole of it for their own use.

What will not the desire of gain effect ? Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that these men, who were indeed but little better than those who were thus, in his desire of retaliation, denounced by Philip, consented to his proposal ? It was agreed, that if they did not gain the shore, the others should be attacked that very night, and tossed into the sea.

But the consultation with Philip had put the other party on the alert ; they, too, held council,

and kept their arms by their sides. As the breeze died away, they were not two miles from the land, and once more they drifted back into the ocean. Philip's mind was borne down with grief at the loss of Amine; but it recovered to a certain degree when he thought of revenge: that feeling stayed him up, and he often felt the edge of his cutlass, impatient for the moment of retribution.

It was a lovely night; the sea was now smooth as glass, and not a breath of air moved in the heavens; the sail of the raft hung listless down the mast, and was reflected upon the calm surface by the brilliancy of the starry night alone. It was a night for contemplation—for examination of oneself, and adoration of the Deity; and here, on a frail raft, were huddled together more than forty beings, ready for combat, for murder, and for spoil. Each party pretended to repose; yet each were quietly watching the motions of the other, with their hands upon their weapons. The signal was to be given by Philip: it was, to let go the

halyards of the yard, so that the sail should fall down upon a portion of the other party, and entangle them. By Philip's directions, Schriften had taken the helm, and Krantz remained by his side.

The yard and sail fell clattering down, and then the work of death commenced ; there was no parley, no suspense ; each man started upon his feet and raised his sword. The voices of Philip and of Krantz alone were heard, and Philip's sword did its work. He was nerved to his revenge, and never could be satiated as long as one remained who had sacrificed his Amine. As Philip had expected, many had been covered up and entangled by the falling of the sail, and their work was thereby made easier.

Some fell where they stood ; others reeled back, and sunk down under the smooth water ; others were pierced as they floundered under the canvass. In a few minutes, the work of carnage was complete. Schriften meanwhile looked on, and ever and anon gave vent to his chuckling laugh—his demoniacal “ He ! he ! ”

The strife was over, and Philip stood against the mast to recover his breath. "So far art thou revenged, my Amine," thought he; "but, oh! what are these paltry lives compared to thine?" And now that his revenge was satiated, and he could do no more, he covered his face up in his hands, and wept bitterly, while those who had assisted him were already collecting the money of the slain for distribution. These men, when they found that three only of their side had fallen, lamented that there had not been more, as their own shares of the dollars would have been increased.

There were now but thirteen men besides Philip, Krantz, and Schriften, left upon the raft. As the day dawned, the breeze again sprung up, and they shared out the portions of water, which would have been the allowance of their companions who had fallen. Hunger they felt not; but the water revived their spirits.

Although Philip had had little to say to Schriften since the separation from Amine, it was very evident to him and to Krantz, that all

the pilot's former bitter feelings had returned. His chuckle, his sarcasms, his "He! he!" were incessant; and his eye was now as maliciously directed to Philip as it was when they first met. It was evident that Amine alone had for the time conquered his disposition; and that, with her disappearance, had vanished all the good will of Schriften towards her husband. For this Philip cared little; he had a much more serious weight on his heart—the loss of his dear Amine; and he felt reckless and indifferent concerning anything else.

The breeze now freshened, and they expected that, in two hours, they would run on the beach, but they were disappointed: the step of the mast gave way from the force of the wind, and the sail fell upon the raft. This occasioned great delay; and before they could repair the mischief, the wind again subsided, and they were left about a mile from the beach. Tired and worn out with his feelings, Philip at last fell asleep by the side of Krantz, leaving Schrif-

ten at the helm. He slept soundly—he dreamt of Amine—he thought she was under a grove of cocoa-nuts, in a sweet sleep; that he stood by and watched her, and that she smiled in her sleep, and murmured “Philip,” when suddenly he was awakened by some unusual movement. Half dreaming still, he thought that Schriften, the pilot, had in his sleep been attempting to gain his relic, had passed the chain over his head, and was removing quietly from underneath his neck the portion of the chain which, in his reclining posture, he lay upon. Startled at the idea, he threw up his hand to seize the arm of the wretch, and found that he had really seized hold of Schriften, who was kneeling by him, and in possession of the chain and relic. The struggle was short, the relic was recovered, and the pilot lay at the mercy of Philip, who held him down with his knee on his chest. Philip replaced the relic on his bosom, and, excited to madness, rose from the body of the now breathless Schriften, caught it in his arms, and hurled it into the sea.



“ Man or devil ! I care not which,” exclaimed Philip breathless ; “ escape now, if you can ! ”

The struggle had already roused up Krantz and others, but not in time to prevent Philip from wreaking his vengeance upon Schriften. In few words, he told Krantz what had passed ; as for the men, they cared not ; they laid their heads down again, and, satisfied that their money was safe, inquired no further.

Philip watched to see if Schriften would rise up again, and try to regain the raft ; but he did not make his appearance above water, and Philip felt satisfied.

## CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT pen could portray the feelings of the fond and doting Amine, when she first discovered that she was separated from her husband? In a state of bewilderment, she watched the other raft as the distance between them increased. At last the shades of night hid it from her aching eyes, and she dropped down in mute despair.

Gradually she recovered herself, and turning round, she exclaimed, "Who's here?"

No answer.

"Who's here!" cried she in a louder voice; "alone—alone—and Philip gone. Mother, mother, look down upon your unhappy child!" and Amine frantically threw herself down so near to the edge of the raft, that her long hair, which had fallen down, floated on the wave.

“ Ah me ! where am I ? ” cried Amine, after remaining in a state of torpor for some hours. The sun glared fiercely upon her, and dazzled her eyes as she opened them—she cast them on the blue wave close by her, and beheld a large shark motionless by the side of the raft, waiting for his prey. Recoiling from the edge, she started up. She turned round, and beheld the raft vacant, and the truth flashed on her. “ Oh ! Philip, Philip ! ” cried she, “ then it is true, and you are gone for ever ! I thought it was only a dream, I recollect all now. Yes—all—all ! ” And Amine sank down again upon her cot, which had been placed in the centre of the raft, and remained motionless for some time.

But the demand for water became imperious ; she seized one of the bottles, and drank. “ Yet why should I drink or eat ? Why should I wish to preserve life ? ” She rose, and looked round the horizon—“ Sky and water, nothing more. Is this the death I am to die—the cruel death prophesied by Schriften — a lingering

death under a burning sun, while my vitals are parched within? Be it so! Fate I dare thee to thy worst—we can die but once—and without him, what care I to live? But yet I may see him again,” continued Amine hurriedly, after a pause. “Yes! I may—who knows? Then welcome life, I’ll nurse thee for that bare hope—bare indeed with nought to feed on. Let me see, is it here still?” Amine looked at her zone, and perceived her dagger was still in it. “Well then, I will live since death is at my command, and be guardful of life for my dear husband’s sake.” And Amine threw herself on her resting-place that she might forget every thing. She did: from that morning till the noon of the next day, she remained in a state of torpor.

When she again rose, she was faint; again she looked round her—there was but sky and water to be seen.

“Oh! this solitude—it is horrible! death would be a release—but no, I must not die—I must live for Philip.” She refreshed herself

with water and a few pieces of biscuit, and folded her arms across her breast. "A few more days without relief, and all must be over. Was ever woman situated as I am, and yet I dare to indulge hope? Why, 'tis madness! And why am I thus singled out: because I have wedded with Philip? It may be so; if so, I welcome it. Wretches! who thus severed me from my husband; who, to save their own lives, sacrificed a helpless woman! Nay! they might have saved me, if they had had the least pity;—but no, they never felt it. And these are Christians! The creed that the old priests would have had me—yes! that Philip would have had me embrace. Charity and good-will! They talk of it, but I have never seen them practise it! Loving one another!—forgiving one another!—say rather hating and preying upon one another! A creed never practised: why, if not practised, of what value is it? Any creed were better—I abjure it, and if I be saved, will abjure it still for ever. Shade of my mother!

is it that I have listened to these men—that I have, to win my husband's love, tried to forget that which thou taughtest, even when a child at thy feet—that faith which our forefathers for thousands of years lived and died in—that creed proved by works, and obedience to the prophet's will—is it for this that I am punished? Tell me, mother—oh! tell me in my dreams.”

The night closed in, and with the gloom rose heavy clouds; the lightning darted through the firmament, ever and anon lighting up the raft. At last, the flashes were so rapid, not following each other—but darting down from every quarter at once, that the whole firmament appeared as if on fire, and the thunder rolled along the heavens, now near and loud, then rumbling in the distance. The breeze rose up fresh, and the waves tossed the raft, and washed occasionally even to Amine's feet, as she stood in the centre of it.

“I like this—this is far better than that calm

and withering heat—this rouses me,” said Amine, as she cast her eyes up, and watched the forked lightning till her vision became obscured. “Yes, this is as it should be. Lightning, strike me if you please—waves wash me off and bury me in a briny tomb—pour the wrath of the whole elements upon this devoted head—I care not, I laugh at, I defy it all. Thou canst but kill, this little steel can do as much. Let those who hoard up wealth—those who live in splendour—those that are happy—those who have husbands, children, aught to love—let them tremble, I have nothing. Elements ! be ye fire, or water, or earth, or air, Amine defies you ! And yet—no, no, deceive not thyself, Amine, there is no hope ; thus will I mount my funeral bier, and wait the will of destiny.” And Amine regained the secure place which Philip had fitted up for her in the centre of the raft, threw herself down upon her bed, and shut her eyes.

The thunder and lightning was followed up by torrents of heavy rain, which fell till daylight ;

the wind still continued fresh, but the sky cleared, and the sun shone out. Amine remained shivering in her wet garments; the heat of the sun proved too powerful for her exhausted state, and her brain wandered. She rose up in a sitting posture, looked around her, saw verdant fields in every direction, the cocoa-nuts waving to the wind—imagined even that she saw her own Philip in the distance hastening to her; she held out her arms; strove to get up, and run to meet him, but her limbs refused their office; she called to him, she screamed, and sank back exhausted on her resting-place.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

WE must for a time return to Philip, and follow his strange destiny. A few hours after he had thrown the pilot into the sea they gained the shore, so long looked at with anxiety and suspense. The spars of the raft, jerked by the running swell, undulated and rubbed against each other, as they rose and fell to the waves breaking on the beach. The breeze was fresh, but the surf was trifling, and the landing was without difficulty. The beach was shelving, of firm white sand; interspersed and strewed with various brilliant-coloured shells; and here and there, the bleached fragments and bones of some animal which had been forced out of its element to die. The island was, like all the others, covered with a thick wood of cocoa-nut trees,

whose tops waved to the breeze, or bowed to the blast, producing a shade and a freshness which would have been duly appreciated by any other party than the present, with the exception only of Krantz ; for Philip thought of nothing but his lost wife, and the seamen thought of nothing but of their sudden wealth. Krantz supported Philip to the beach and led him to the shade ; but after a minute he rose, and running down to the nearest point, looked anxiously for the portion of the raft which held Amine, which was now far, far away. Krantz had followed, aware that, now the first paroxysms were past, there was no fear of Philip's throwing away his life.

“Gone, gone for ever !” exclaimed Philip, pressing his hands to the balls of his eyes.

“Not so, Philip, the same Providence which has preserved us, will certainly assist her. It is impossible that she can perish among so many islands, many of which are inhabited ; and a woman will be certain of kind treatment.”

“If I could only think so,” replied Philip.

“A little reflection may induce you to think that it is rather an advantage than otherwise, that she is thus separated—not from you, but from so many lawless companions, whose united force we could not resist. Do you think that, after any lengthened sojourn on this island, these people with us would permit you to remain in quiet possession of your wife? No !—they would respect no laws ; and Amine has, in my opinion, been miraculously preserved from shame and ill treatment, if not from death.”

“They durst not, surely ! Well, but Krantz, we must make a raft and follow her ; we must not remain here—I will seek her through the wide world.”

“Be it so, if you wish, Philip, and I will follow your fortunes,” replied Krantz, glad to find that there was something, however wild the idea, for his mind to feed on. “But now let us return to the raft, seek the refreshment we

so much require, and after that we will consider what may be the best plan to pursue."

To this, Philip, who was much exhausted, tacitly consented, and he followed Krantz to where the raft had been beached. The men had left it, and were each of them sitting apart from one another under the shade of his own chosen cocoa-nut tree. The articles which had been saved on the raft had not been landed, and Krantz called upon them to come and carry the things on shore—but no one would answer or obey. They each sat watching their money, and afraid to leave it, lest they should be dispossessed of it by the others. Now that their lives were, comparatively speaking, safe, the demon of avarice had taken full possession of their souls; there they sat, exhausted, pining for water, and longing for sleep, and yet they dared not move—they were fixed as if by the wand of the enchanter.

"It is the cursed dollars which have turned their brains," observed Krantz to Philip; "let

us try if we cannot manage to remove what we most stand in need of, and then we will search for water."

Philip and Krantz collected the carpenter's tools, the best arms, and all the ammunition, as the possession of the latter would give them an advantage in case of necessity; they then dragged on shore the sail and some small spars, all of which they carried up to a clump of cocoa-nut trees, about a hundred yards from the beach.

In half an hour they had erected an humble tent, and put into it what they had brought with them, with the exception of the major part of the ammunition, which, as soon as he was screened by the tent, Krantz buried in a heap of dry sand behind it; he then, for their immediate wants, cut down with an axe a small cocoa-nut tree in full bearing. It must be for those who have suffered the agony of prolonged thirst, to know the extreme pleasure with which the milk of the nuts were one after the other poured down the parched

throats of Krantz and Philip. The men witnessed their enjoyment in silence, and with gloating eyes. Every time that a fresh coconut was seized and its contents quaffed by their officers, more sharp and agonizing was their own devouring thirst—still closer did their dry lips glue themselves together—yet they moved not, although they felt the tortures of the condemned.

Evening closed in ; Philip had thrown himself down on the spare sails, and had fallen asleep, when Krantz set off to explore the island upon which they had been thrown. It was small, not exceeding three miles in length, and at no one part more than five hundred yards across. Water there was none, unless it were to be obtained by digging ; fortunately the young cocoa-nuts prevented the absolute necessity for it. On his return, Krantz passed the men in their respective stations. Each was awake, and raised himself on his elbow to ascertain if it were an assailant ; but, perceiving Krantz, they again dropped

down. Krantz passed the raft—the water was now quite smooth, for the wind had shifted off shore, and the spars which composed the raft hardly jostled each other. He stepped upon it, and, as the moon was bright in the heavens, he took the precaution of collecting all the arms which had been left, and throwing them as far as he could into the sea. He then walked to the tent, where he found Philip still sleeping soundly, and in a few minutes he was reposing by his side. And Philip's dreams were of Amine; he thought that he saw the hated Schriften rise again from the waters, and, climbing up to the raft, seat himself by her side. He thought that he again heard his unearthly chuckle and his scornful laugh, as his unwelcome words fell upon her distracted ears. He thought that she fled into the sea to avoid Schriften, and that the waters appeared to reject her—she floated on the surface. The storm rose, and once more he beheld her in the sea-shell skimming over the waves. Again, she was in a furious surf on

the beach, and her shell sank, and she was buried in the waves; and then he saw her walking on shore without fear and without harm, for the water which spared no one, appeared to spare her. Philip tried to join her, but was prevented by some unknown power, and Amine waved her hand and said, "We shall meet again, Philip; yes, once more on this earth shall we meet again."

The sun was high in the heavens and scorching in his heat, when Krantz first opened his eyes, and awakened Philip. The axe again procured for them their morning's meal. Philip was silent; he was ruminating upon his dreams, which had afforded him consolation. "We shall meet again!" thought he. "Yes, once more at least we shall meet again. Providence! I thank thee."

Krantz then stepped out to ascertain the condition of the men. He found them faint, and so exhausted, that they could not possibly survive much longer, yet still watching over their darling treasure. It was melancholy to witness such



perversion of intellect, and Krantz thought of a plan which might save their lives. He proposed to them each separately, that they should bury their money so deep, that it was not to be recovered without time: this would prevent any one from attacking the treasure of the other, without its being perceived and the attempt frustrated, and would enable them to obtain their necessary food and refreshment without danger of being robbed.

To this plan they acceded. Krantz brought out of the tent the only shovel in their possession, and they, one by one, buried their dollars many feet deep in the yielding sand. When they had all secured their wealth, he brought them one of the axes, and the cocoa-nut trees fell, and they were restored to new life and vigour. Having satiated themselves, they then lay down upon the several spots under which they had buried their dollars, and were soon enjoying that repose which they all so much needed.

Philip and Krantz had now many serious con-

sultations as to the means which should be taken for quitting the island, and going in search of Amine; for although Krantz thought the latter part of Philip's proposal useless, he did not venture to say so. To quit this island was necessary; and provided they gained one of those which were inhabited, it was all that they could expect. As for Amine, he considered that she was dead before this, either having been washed off the raft, or that her body was lying on it exposed to the decomposing heat of a torrid sun.

To cheer Philip, he expressed himself otherwise; and whenever they talked about leaving the island, it was not to save their own lives, but invariably to search after Philip's lost wife. The plan which they proposed and acted upon was, to construct a light raft, the centre to be composed of three water-casks, sawed in half, in a row behind each other, firmly fixed by cross pieces to two long spars on each side. This, under sail, would move quickly through the water, and be manageable so as to enable them

to steer a course. The outside spars had been selected and hauled on shore, and the work was already in progress ; but they were left alone in their work, for the seamen appeared to have no idea at present of quitting the island. Restored by food and repose, they were now not content with the money which they had—they were anxious for more. A portion of each party's wealth had been dug up, and they now gambled all day with pebbles, which they had collected on the beach, and with which they had invented a game. Another evil had crept among them : they had cut steps in the largest cocoa-nut trees, and with the activity of seamen had mounted them, and by tapping the top of the trees, and fixing empty cocoa-nuts underneath, had obtained the liquor, which in its first fermentation is termed toddy, and is afterwards distilled into arrack. But as toddy, it is quite sufficient to intoxicate ; and every day the scenes of violence and intoxication, accompanied with oaths and execrations, became more and more

dreadful. The losers tore their hair, and rushed like madmen upon those who had gained their dollars; but Krantz had fortunately thrown their weapons into the sea, and those he had saved, as well as the ammunition, he had secreted.

Blows and bloodshed, therefore, were continual, but loss of life there was none, as the contending parties were separated by the others, who were anxious that the play should not be interrupted. Such had been the state of affairs for now nearly a fortnight, while the work of the raft had slowly proceeded. Some of the men had lost their all, and had, by the general consent of those who had won their wealth, been banished to a certain distance that they might not pilfer from them. These walked gloomily round the island, or on the beach, seeking some instrument by which they might avenge themselves, and obtain repossession of their money. Krantz and Philip had proposed to these men to join them, and leave the island, but they had sullenly refused.

The axe was now never parted with by Krantz. He cut down what cocoa-nut trees they required for subsistence, and prevented the men from notching more trees, to procure the means of inebriation. On the sixteenth day, all the money had passed into the hands of three men who had been more fortunate than the rest. The losers were now by far the more numerous party, and the consequence was, that the next morning these three men were found lying strangled on the beach; the money had been redivided, and the gambling had recommenced with more vigour than ever.

“How can this end?” exclaimed Philip to Krantz, as he looked upon the blackened countenances of the murdered men.

“In the death of all,” replied Krantz. “We cannot prevent it. It is a judgment.”

The raft was now ready; the sand had been dug from beneath it, so as to allow the water to flow in and float it, and it was now made fast to a stake, and riding on the peaceful waters. A large store of cocoa-nuts, old and young, had

been procured and put on board of her, and it was the intention of Philip and Krantz to have quitted the island the next day.

Unfortunately, one of the men, when bathing, had perceived the arms lying in the shallow water. He had dived down and procured a cutlass; others had followed his example, and all had armed themselves. This induced Philip and Krantz to sleep on board of the raft, and keep watch; and that night, as the play was going on, a heavy loss on one side ended in a general fray. The combat was furious, for all were more or less excited by intoxication. The result was melancholy, for only three were left alive. Philip, with Krantz, watched the issue; every man who fell wounded was put to the sword, and the three left, who had been fighting on the same side, rested panting on their weapons. After a pause, two of them communicated with each other, and the result was an attack upon the third man, who fell dead beneath their blows.

“Merciful Father! are these thy creatures?” exclaimed Philip.

“No!” replied Krantz, “they worshipped the devil as Mammon. Do you imagine that those two, who could now divide more wealth than they could well spend if they return to their country, will consent to a division? Never!—they must have all—yes, all.”

Krantz had hardly expressed his opinion, when one of the men, taking advantage of the other turning round a moment from him, passed his sword through his back. The man fell with a groan, and the sword was again passed through his body.

“Said I not so? But the treacherous villain shall not reap his reward,” continued Krantz, levelling the musket which he held in his hand, and shooting him dead.

“You have done wrong, Krantz; you have saved him from the punishment he deserved. Left alone on the island, without the means of obtaining his subsistence, he must have perished

miserably and by inches, with all his money round him — that would have been torture indeed !”

“ Perhaps I was wrong. If so, may Providence forgive me, I could not help it. Let us go ashore, for we are now on this island alone. We must collect the treasure and bury it, so that it may be recovered ; and, at the same time, take a portion with us—for who knows but that we may have occasion for it. To-morrow we had better remain here, for we shall have enough to do in burying the bodies of these infatuated men, and the wealth which has caused their destruction.”

Philip agreed to the propriety of the suggestion ; the next day they buried the bodies where they lay ; and the treasure was all collected in a deep trench, under a cocoa-nut tree, which they carefully marked with their axe. About five hundred pieces of gold were selected and taken on board of the raft, with the intention of secreting them about their persons, and resorting to them in case of need.



The following morning they hoisted their sail and quitted the island. Need it be said in what direction they steered? As may be well imagined, in that quarter where they had last seen the raft with the isolated Amine.

END OF VOLUME II.

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